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"P.I.P." CHRONICLE OF THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.

LORD SALISBURY STANDS FIRM ON THE FASHODA QUESTION.

THE good sense of the majority of the French people—which has kept successive French Ministries from sacrificing thousands of lives, and probably fresh territory, in a vain attempt to regain Alsace-Lorraine from Germany—should influence President Faure's present Administration in the really small question of Fashoda. The matter may be

Compressed into a Nutshell.

It is indisputable that as far back as the time of the Earl of Rosebery's Government, that noble Lord and Sir Edward Grey plainly told the French Ministry of the period that any infringement of the Soudan provinces on the Nile by a French expedition would be regarded as an unfriendly act. In the teeth of this clear warning, Major Marchand was commissioned by the French to traverse the African Continent, and to occupy Fashoda. It was probably in obedience to prudent orders from the Foreign Office that the Sirdar did not take Major Marchand by gentle force back to Cairo with him. But it is satisfactory to know on authority that the Marquis of Salisbury quite indorses the policy of Lord Rosebery, and will insist on the evacuation of Fashoda by

"A French Explorer Who Is On the Upper Nile in a Difficult Position"

(to quote the Prime Minister's neat phrase in his telegram to Sir E. Monson at Paris). Lord Salisbury added in his despatch to the British Ambassador on Oct. 3—

"I request your Excellency to inform the French Minister for Foreign Affairs that in accordance with his wish, his message for M. Marchand has been transmitted to Khartoum, and will be forwarded thence to its destination. In order to avoid any misunderstanding, you should state to M. Delcassé that the fact of Her Majesty's Government having complied with His Excellency's request in regard to the transmission of the message does not imply the slightest modification of the views previously expressed by them. You should add that whether in times of Egyptian or Dervish dominion the region in which Marchand was found has never been without an owner, and that in the view of Her Majesty's Government his expedition into it with an escort of a hundred Senegalese troops has no political effect, nor can any political significance be attached to it."

Recurring to

Sir Herbert Kitchener's Interview with Major Marchand

on Sept. 19, we extract the salient passages from the Sirdar's succinct despatch—

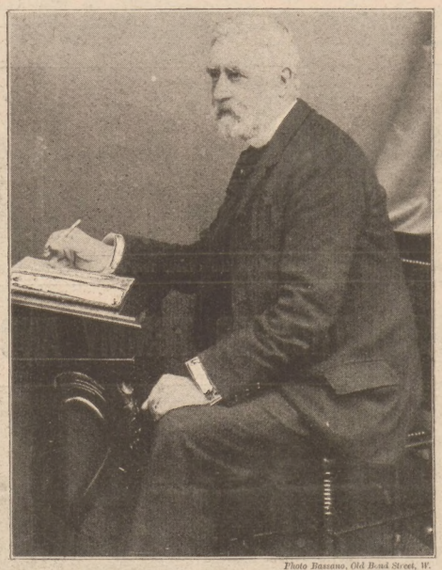

Photo Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Her Majesty's Min'ster in Paris, Sir Edmund John Monson, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., M.A., is the right man in the right place at this juncture. He is one of the ablest Ambassadors Lord Salisbury could have in the important negotiations now going on respecting the ticklish question of Major Marchand's presence in Fashoda. "Marchand! Marchon!" (as *Punch* puts it) sums up Lord Salisbury's dictum. No diplomatist could put the point more nicely than Sir Edmund, who is in his sixty-fourth year, and has Ambassadorial experience ranging from Uruguay to the Argentine Republic (where Jabez Balfour was netted through the *P.I.P.* and the British Consul); from Copenhagen to Athens; and from Brussels to Vienna. He was a Balliol man, and Oxford is right proud of him. In Lady Monson (a daughter of Major Munro) he has a wife whose grace and kind-heartedness are highly appreciated in the English Colony in Paris.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDMUND MONSON, BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT PARIS.

"When we arrived at Fashoda, M. Marchand and M. Germain came on board our steamer, and I at once informed them that the presence of a French party at Fashoda and in the Nile Valley must be considered as a direct infringement of the rights of Egypt and of the British Government, and I protested in the strongest terms against the occupation of Fashoda by M. Marchand and his party, and the hoisting of the French flag in the dominions of His Highness the Khedive.

"M. Marchand stated, in reply, that he had received precise orders for the occupation of the country, and the hoisting of the French flag over the Government buildings at Fashoda, and added that without the orders of his Government, which, however, he expected would not be delayed, it was impossible for him to retire from the place.

"I then inquired of him whether, in view of the fact that I was accompanied by a superior force, he was prepared to resist the hoisting of the Egyptian flag at Fashoda. He hesitated, and replied that he could not resist.

"The Egyptian flag was then hoisted about five hundred yards south of the French flag on a ruined bastion of the old Egyptian fortifications, commanding the only road which leads into the interior from the French position. The latter is entirely surrounded to the north by impassable marshes.

"Before leaving for the south I handed to M. Marchand a formal written protest on the part of the Governments of Great Britain and Egypt against any occupation of any part of the Nile Valley by France as being an infringement of the rights of those Governments. I added that I could not recognise the occupation by France of any part of the Nile Valley. . . .

"M. Marchand is in want of ammunition and supplies, and any that may be sent to him must take months to arrive at their destination. He is cut off from the interior, and is quite inadequately provided with water transport. Moreover, he has no following in the country, and nothing could have saved his expedition from being annihilated by the Dervishes if we had been a fortnight later in crushing the Khalifa."

Cairo Welcomed the Sirdar

with befitting heartiness on Oct. 6. Sir Herbert Kitchener arrived at Cairo, with Colonel Roberts, Colonel Wingate, and Captain Watson, at nine o'clock in the morning. A guard of honour of Egyptian cadets lined the inside of the station, while the 21st Lancers and a company of the Lancashire Fusiliers with the Queen's colours were drawn up on each side of the square outside. The Cameron and Seaforth Highlanders and Lancashire Fusiliers lined the streets

Sir Herbert Kitchener was received at the station by Lord Cromer, the Ministers, the staff of the British and European armies, the British officials, and many residents. Three cheers were raised for the Sirdar as soon as he alighted from the train. Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell and staff on horseback awaited him outside the railway station, where Sir Herbert Kitchener mounted his horse and proceeded to the General's residence.

Colonel Wauchope,

Brigadier-General of the 1st British Brigade in the Soudan, received a great public welcome on his return to his Midlothian residence on Monday. A congratulatory address was presented to the gallant officer.

Return of the Premier's Soldier-Son.

Battalion-Major Lord Edward Cecil, who left Cairo on Sept. 30, bearing despatches from Fashoda for Lord Salisbury, arrived at Hatfield late on Friday evening, Oct. 7, travelling by ordinary train from King's Cross. Lord Edward met with an enthusiastic reception on arrival at Hatfield. At the hall entrance, Lord Edward, who was received by the Premier and Lord Cranborne, thanked his neighbours for their hearty welcome.

Colonel Martin, of the 21st Lancers,

who returned to Fareham on Monday, called on the mothers of two soldiers who were wounded in the heroic charge at Omdurman.

On the field of battle, and as an able administrator at the War Office, F.-M. Lord Wolseley is thorough Master of the art of War. One of his greatest qualifications for the exalted post he occupies with honour and credit is his notable faculty for surrounding himself with skilful men. Major-General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.M.G., having been intimately and loyally associated with Lord Wolseley from the time of the Red River Expedition, the Commander-in-Chief must naturally feel glad that such a distinguished Commander should succeed the Duke of Connaught at Aldershot. A Devonshire man, the Right Hon. Sir Redvers Buller is the eldest son of the late Mr. J. W. Buller, of Crediton; but no one would guess from his energetic manner that he is from the West Countrie, the land of gentleness. Undoubtedly, Redvers Buller is one of the most forceful and most experienced Generals in the British Army—just the sort of man to lead a regiment slick through a stone wall. He will be sixty next year, but doesn't look it. Entering the 60th Rifles in 1858, he served in China two years later; took part in the Red River Expedition with Garnet Wolseley in 1870, and also served under him in 1873-74 in the Ashantee War; in the Kaffir War of 1878; won his V.C. in the Zulu War; and served again with Lord Wolseley in the Gordon Relief Expedition. Redvers Buller did useful service to the State as Under-Secretary for Ireland in 1887. Adjutant-General at the War Office till Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., succeeded him, Sir Redvers Buller is eminently fitted for the command of the forces at Aldershot.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.,

SUCCEEDING THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AS COMMANDER OF THE FORCES AT ALDERSHOT.

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Talk of London.

—:o:—

LONDON ITSELF AGAIN.

THE PRINCE OF WALES will find London bright and cheerful on his welcome return to Marlborough House. Braced by the vitalising breezes of the Valley of the Dee, where H.R.H. has wisely recuperated himself since he left the Solent, the Prince will, we all hope, have sufficiently recovered from the unfortunate accident to his knee to venture a visit or two to the playhouses, which long for his genial countenance again.

The "H.A.C."

(of which the Prince of Wales is Captain-General) has inaugurated its autumn festivities with accustomed hospitality. Offering at once the advantages of a comfortable club and an unrivalled drill-ground at Finsbury, with the option of service either as a rifleman or an artilleryman, the Honourable Artillery Company enjoys the proud distinction of being far and away the oldest military organisation in England. It has, indeed, kept the fire of patriotism burning since the days of Queen Elizabeth; and it is satisfactory to know that in good Queen Victoria's time the zeal of this historic regiment has not abated one whit. At the first Mess Club dinner of the season (a lively and enjoyable feast under the auspices of the exceptionally gracious new President, Mr. W. H. Hillman, Major Pash, and blithe Quarter-Master Sergeant T. L. Green), the Bishop of Marlborough, congratulated on the services of his gallant son in the Soudan, cheerily looked forward to the coming visit of the H.A.C. to the United States, in response to the hearty invitation of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston; and there can be no doubt that if the H.A.C. can prevail upon their right reverend chaplain to accompany the deputation visiting the States, the desired cementing of the ties which bind England and America would be quickened by his persuasive oratory and *bonhomie*.

"The Adventure of Lady Ursula,"

Mr. Anthony Hope's new four-act comedy, after having been successfully played in Philadelphia and New York, reached the Duke of York's Theatre on Tuesday evening. "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" is a play dramatised from an unpublished novel by Mr. Hope, called "My Lady's Duel." The period is 1720. Sir George Sylvester, a neighbour of Lady Ursula, has fought a duel and killed his antagonist. The quarrel was about a lady; and the result so distresses him that he vows to have done with the fair sex. Lady Ursula, in order to attract Sir George's attention, pretends to faint on his doorstep; but, owing to the strict orders of his master, the porter will not allow the lady to come inside. The Earl of Hassenden, her brother, thinking that Lady Ursula has been slighted, challenges Sir George to a duel; and the heroine, disguising herself as a young cavalier, takes the place of her brother. But, meeting with a party of roysterers, she becomes mixed up in a squabble, which leads to another challenge. Meanwhile, Sir George, happening to reach the spot, becomes involved in the dispute, whereupon Lady Ursula offers to be the champion of his opponent. He has, however, found a handkerchief belonging to the heroine, which he requests may be given to the lady, while he declares that he "cannot fight the brother of the woman he loves." This leads to explanations, and the professed woman-hater is transformed into an ardent lover, who woos the lady successfully. Mr. Hope's dialogue is bright and telling, and the social atmosphere of 1720 is happily introduced. Vraisemblance is added to the scene by the appropriate furniture provided by Messrs. Oetzmann. With Miss Evelyn Millard as a charming Lady Ursula, and Mr. Herbert Waring in the chief masculine part, the comedy was in good hands; and Miss Agnes Miller, Miss Florence Haydon, Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. Percy Lyndal, and others lent admirable assistance. The interest of the comedy is increased by the elegant costumes of the period. "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" will furnish an enjoyable autumn play for Londoners, and will be sure to attract numbers to the Duke of York's Theatre.

ANTHONY HOPE, THE POPULAR NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST.
AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA."

"When a Man's in Love,"

the new comedy in which Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Edward Rose join hands as authors, is promised at the Court next Wednesday by Mr. Arthur Chudleigh. It will be strongly cast; the Court company comprising Mr. Paul Arthur, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, Mr. Arthur Vezin, Mr. W. H. Quinton, Mr. Reade, Miss Marion Terry, Miss Lettice Fairfax, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

"The Royal Star"

did not shine so brilliantly on the first night at the Prince of Wales's Theatre as it does now. Mr. Lowenfeld has had judicious alterations and improvements made. Drollery has taken the place of dullness; and animation is exchanged for apathy. That charming actress, Miss Lottie Venne, has had her part brightened up so that she can do justice to her delightful talent; and Mr. Willie Edouin, as the old actor who makes such a quaint use of Shakspere, is droller than ever as the songful heroine's father. The dialogue has been smartened up throughout, and several funny scenes have been added. Ladies will be delighted to see the comic exaggerations of the old Cruikshanks fashions in the stage scene, in which sweet-voiced Courtice Pounds finds out that the little "dressmaker" he has fallen in love with is really a very charming and dulcet prima donna of comic opera, Miss Stella Gastelle. Add the tuneful music of Clerice, the fine singing of Norman Salmond, the vivacity of Ada Blanche and "go" of Clara Jecks and Fred Storey, and you see why "The Royal Star" will probably illumine the Prince of Wales's Theatre for some time.

"A Merry Gentleman"

has been mentioned in some quarters as the title of the new play by Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, put in rehearsal at the Criterion Theatre. But I anticipate another title will be chosen. It is, however, gratifying to know that the play has an excellent part for Mr. Charles Wyndham, who will be sure to play it in the brilliant manner in which he rattles through "The Liars" as the genial peacemaker.

The Drury Lane Pantomime

is already in preparation. It is to be founded on the subject of "The Forty Thieves," which has often been used for pantomime fun; but never with the splendour Mr. Collins will employ to illustrate the story. Mr. Dan Leno (of which king of comic singers a bust has been unveiled at Rule's) will be the Captain of the Forty Thieves, and Mr. Herbert Campbell will appear as the Fair Zuleika! The new electrical scene-shifting process will enable Mr. Collins to produce effects and illusions hitherto unheard of, even in pantomimes at Old Drury, where the Box Office will open immediately for the convenience of Christmas visitors. THE PROMPTER.

ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW PLAY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

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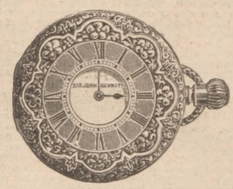

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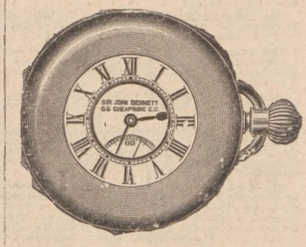

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Two Illustrations.

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"BENJAMIN NICOL."

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HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

THE QUEEN'S ALLEGED ACCIDENT AT BALMORAL turns out to have been a slight affair, exaggerated by a local scribe into quite a serious event. The horses said to have "dashed into the forest wildly" proved to have been animals of the most docile kind. The Royal coachman who "lost control of his frightened steeds," repudiates the statement disdainfully, and declares that during long years of service he has never caused his beloved monarch a moment's anxiety. It is extremely gratifying to know that there was no cause for alarm; and to learn that the Queen, who has been cheered by the companionship of the Empress Frederick and Princess Beatrice, is in very good health in her Highland home.

The Queen and the Empress Frederick, the Royal Family, and members of the Household, attended divine service last Sunday morning at Crathie Parish Church. The Rev. Archibald Fleming, of the T on Church, Edinburgh, officiated. The Countess of Lytton and Captain Ponsonby were in attendance. Her Majesty and party drove down the Valley of the Dee to Mar Lodge one day last week, and took luncheon with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Victoria, who has been the devoted companion of her father since his accident.

The Duke of York, attended by the Hon. Derek Keppel, left London last Monday morning for Copenhagen, to represent the Prince of Wales at the funeral of the late Queen of Denmark.

The Empress Eugenie entertained the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Margaret of Connaught at Farnborough Hill last Saturday evening.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left London on Tuesday in a Great Northern Royal saloon for Hadlington, on a visit to Lord and Lady Tweeddale at Yester House.

Prince Christian Victor and Prince Francis of Teck have concluded their visit to the Queen at Balmoral.

The Earl and Countess of Minto visited the Queen on Sunday, and lunched at the Castle. Afterwards they had the honour of being received by Her Majesty, and the Earl of Minto kissed hands on his appointment as Governor-General of Canada.

The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe (who was staying at Abergeldie Castle) and Lord Balfour of Burleigh had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner-party at Balmoral on Oct. 8. It was on the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe's charming estate at Plymouth that the Prince first walked a few steps on terra-firma after the accident to his knee.

The French Government and Paris Municipality are to be commiserated upon the strike of 50,000 workmen, in addition to complications abroad brought about by reckless policy at the French Foreign Office. Paris was at the beginning of the week like an armed camp, so numerous were the troops assembled in readiness to maintain order in the disturbed city. It was hoped—and all who wish well to beautiful Paris and the French Republic must echo the hope—that the prudent and conciliatory steps taken (according to M. Marinoni's *Petit Journal*) by the municipal authorities of "The Gay City" will restore a good feeling between masters and men. Pacific action in the fields of Labour, as well as abroad, is absolutely necessary on the part of France if the Paris Exhibition of 1900 is to be an accomplished fact.

M. Paul Cambon, the New French Ambassador to London, is in his fifty-fourth year, but young in all respects for his age, according to Mrs. Crawford. M. Cambon perhaps never heard Lord Palmerston's saying that it is not the most able man who succeeds best in life, but the man who cultivates agreeable manners. But his instinct led him to the same conclusion, to which he gave practical effect.

British and Foreign Military Escorts Enter Pekin.—A telegram from Pekin says the entry of the special military escorts ordered to that city by the British, Russian, and German Governments to protect their Representatives formed a striking ceremony on Oct. 7. The Cossacks headed the procession, the British Marines coming next, pulling a Nordenfeldt gun. The Chinese authorities made strenuous efforts to prevent the detachments bringing guns, but the British and Russian Representatives insisted upon the necessity of the measure. A crowd of fifteen thousand Chinese witnessed the arrival of the force. The Tsung-li-Yamen lodged an official protest against the excessive number of the Russian escort, which is double the strength of that of the other Powers. Italian, Japanese, and French escorts were expected to follow shortly.

The Czar Arrived at Copenhagen last Saturday, and was met by the King of Denmark and the Royal personages assembled at the Danish Court. His Majesty was driven to Bernstorff Castle, and spent a considerable time praying by the coffin of his revered grandmother.

The Khedive in Turkey.—The Khedive of Egypt, his brother Mohamed Ali, and Hassan Assim Pasha, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, have received from the Sultan the Turco-Greek War medal. Mahomed Ali Pasha, the Khedive's brother, has received the Order of the Osmanieh set in brilliants.

The Emperor William's Trip to Palestine. The German Emperor and Empress have left Berlin for the Holy Land, but have abandoned the idea of prolonging their tour to Egypt. Their Imperial Majesties were accorded a hearty welcome by the King of Italy at Venice, whence they voyage to Constantinople to visit the Sultan. The horse on which the Emperor will ride into Constantinople is a gift of the Sultan. It is a pure-bred Arab stallion. The metal part of the harness is of pure gold and silver, and has been worked in the Turkish capital. The only new point in the Imperial programme seems to be that it is intended to hold a religious service on the Mount of Olives on the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 30. On Nov. 4,

ROUTE OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM IN PALESTINE.

while the Emperor is visiting the Greek monastery Mar Saba, the Empress will drive to Solomon's Lakes, and probably in the afternoon to the Jews' Wall of Wailing. The return to Haifa is fixed for Nov. 9. From Haifa the journey is continued to Beyrout, when an excursion lasting several days will be made to Damascus and Bethlehem. The dedication service of the Church of the Saviour in Jerusalem will take place on Oct. 31 at 9.30 a.m.

The Imperial Party in Palestine will number 128; the horses and mules will total from 8000 to 10,000, and 1000 Turkish troops will take part. Her Majesty, who is an ardent amateur photographer, is taking on her Eastern trip a complete photographic apparatus, and is making provision to record all the interesting scenes and views on the route. Our sketches are of particular interest, including, besides a map of the route, views of the Garden of Gethsemane, the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and

A General View of Jerusalem. The journey from Damascus to the Holy City is accomplished on horseback in twelve days. It is difficult for the traveller, on beholding modern Jerusalem for the first time, to realise that this little town, round whose walls he can walk in an hour, is the veritable Holy City with which are associated the events of Christ's history. The present walls were built in the sixteenth century, and only a few stone courses of them belong to the ancient walls. The buildings are all new, and the gorgeous City of Solomon lies buried under the débris of sixteen sieges and captures. But the natural features of the country remain substantially unchanged. Jerusalem stands on four hills, once separated by deep valleys, which are now partially filled with the débris of the successive destructions of the city. The present circumference of the city is nearly two and a half miles, and the population numbers fifty thousand.

The Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. The huge fortress-like pile of buildings at the eastern extremity of Bethlehem comprises the Church of the Nativity and the three contiguous convents, belonging respectively to the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches. The Chapel, or Grotto, of the Nativity is a cave in the rock. It is twenty feet below the floor of the church, and is approached by two spiral staircases.

Mr. J. M. Cook and the Queen's Courier to "Personally Conduct" the German Emperor in the Holy Land. Mr. Dosse, who holds the onerous position of courier to the Queen of England, and who has undertaken, with the sanction of Her Majesty, to "personally conduct" the German Emperor and his numerous suite (in conjunction with Mr. J. M. Cook) on their tour through the Holy Land, holds a singularly unique appointment. The office of courier in a Royal household is very ancient, and is usually held by a most trusted servant. In the olden time a courier was frequently a messenger utilised for the conveyance of urgent letters or despatches pertaining to public business. His tasks nowadays are even more exacting. He it is who precedes the Sovereign when travelling in foreign countries and facilitates the arrangements, or his duty may be to act as cicerone, pointing out all the interesting objects *en route*. Mr. Dosse returns to his old firm of Cook and Son to help make the Imperial tour easy.

MR. DOSSE.

The Troubles in Crete can only be terminated by the departure of the Turkish troops—ordered by the Admirals of the European Powers acting in concert. The *Standard's* Special Correspondent at Candia telegraphed on Sunday that the Insurgents are again giving trouble, as, in spite of repeated warnings, they have not ceased from destroying the property of the Mohammedans. Unless they desist, strong measures may have to be taken against them. The trial of the prisoners accused of joining in the attack on British troops was to commence this week.

The Evacuation of Cuba.—All the Spanish troops will have been withdrawn from Puerto Rico by next week. The evacuation of Cuba will be completed in November. Twenty-one vessels have been chartered to serve as transports. The troops have received their June pay, and before landing in Spain they will be given two months' pay and a suit of clothes each. The United States should pay Spain a handsome sum and retain the Philippines.

Voyagers from England to South Africa for health, pleasure, or business—a steadily increasing number—are greatly indebted to that Grand Old Man of the Mercantile Marine, Sir Donald Currie, and to the famous shipping firm of Donald Currie and Co., 1, Fenchurch Street, for making the ocean passage so comfortable and even luxurious. A trip by a "Castle" Liner to the Cape or to Durban is quite an enjoyable experience. For full particulars of the voyage intending voyagers cannot do better than apply for a copy of the "Castle Line Illustrated Handbook," embellished with a most useful coloured map and plenty of photographs. It may be obtained at the London offices of Donald Currie and Co., 1, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

Leeds Musical Festival, held in the splendid Town Hall of which that city is so worthily proud, has been in every sense of the word a tremendous success. The performance of "Elijah" was as nearly perfect as could be. The Yorkshire Choir surpassed itself; the principals were one and all in splendid voice, and the orchestra was in fine form, whilst the conductor, Sir Arthur Sullivan, showed himself, not for the first time, to be wonderfully in sympathy with the spirit of Mendelssohn's masterpiece. One of the great features of the week was the production of Mr. Edward Elgar's "Caractacus," a work which will certainly add to the composer's reputation. The music of "Caractacus," apart from its technical merits, is remarkable for its truthfulness of dramatic expression, and its force of sentiment. The closing day of the festival was notable for the enthusiastic greeting given to Mr. F. H. Cowen when he made his appearance to conduct his new setting of Collins' "Passions." The ode is brief, the entire performance not occupying much more than twenty minutes; and while it reflects the highest credit on the gifted composer, will

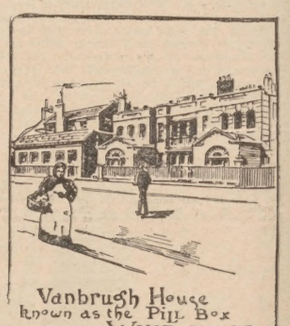
LEEDS TOWN HALL.

probably become a great favourite with choral societies, as it is full of striking vocal effects. Leeds Musical Festival closed on Saturday last. It is stated that the receipts for the week amounted to over £11,000; and that of the profits £2000 will probably be handed to local medical charities.

Lieutenant-General Sir Baker Russell, K.C.B., who returns from India to control the Southern District, Portsmouth, in succession to General John Davis, has only been in command at Bengal since November 1896, when he left the North-Western District at Chester. In addition to being a dashing soldier, he is also a fair humorist, as the following incident shows. During his special service in South Africa it is recorded that he applied for allowances for another horse to cover the wide district over which he had to travel. The authorities, after measuring the map, refused the request, on the ground that the mileage was only "so much as the crow flies." Sir Baker's answer was emphatic. "I do not," he said, "ride a crow; I ride a horse!" Sir Baker Russell's service includes the Indian Mutiny, Ashantee (in command of "Russell's Natives"), Zula Campaign, and Kassassin, where he led the brilliant charge for which, among other things, he was knighted.

SIR BAKER RUSSELL, K.C.B.

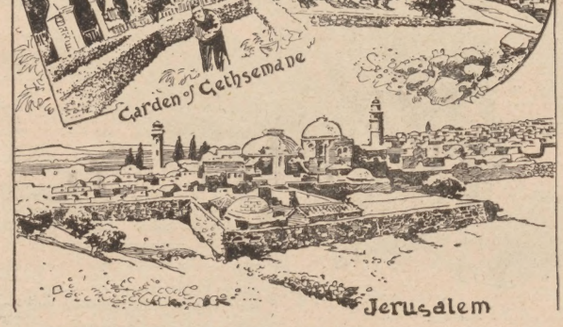
"Disappearance of Vanbrugh House.—To make room for the new War Office, Vanbrugh House has been demolished. It was one of the few remaining landmarks in the historic vicinity of Whitehall. The house, situated in Horseguards' Avenue, was built by Sir John Vanbrugh in 1696, and was familiarly known as "The Pill Box," in consequence of its diminutive size. Prior to 1831 it was the residence of Lord Stuart de Rothsay, but in that year it was taken over by the then recently established United Service Institution, which, together with its famous museum of naval and military relics, was housed there



until 1895, when the Queen granted the use of the historic banqueting house of the Palace of Whitehall. Sir John Vanbrugh was an eminent architect and dramatist of Flemish descent, born in 1666. He was appointed one of the commissioners for completing the palace at Greenwich. Among his other chief works as an architect are the noble pile of Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, and the celebrated Palace of Blenheim, which he was commissioned to erect for the Duke of Marlborough by the House of Commons. The chief compositions of Vanbrugh as a dramatist were: "The Provoked Wife," "The Relapse," and "The Confederacy."

The Lord Mayor of Dublin merits the warmest thanks of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen for his unceasing zeal in seeking by every means in his power to ameliorate the sad lot of the poverty-stricken villagers in the West and South of Ireland. The earnest appeals of Lord Mayor Tallon and of his committee have not been thrown away. Mr. Balfour has promised a measure of Imperial relief next Session. That being so, the First Lord of the Treasury, who is a kind-hearted and consistent statesman, is bound to give due consideration to the remedies advocated by the Lord Mayor's Committee. There's another way to help Ould Ireland, and that is by encouraging

Holiday-making in the Delightful Island of Erin. The railway companies of Ireland are sensibly cheapening their fares and improving the service of the Irish lines, so as to induce tourists from all parts of the kingdom to visit the beauty spots of the Emerald Isle in autumn and spring as well as in the glowing



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You should read the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT if you wish to be UP-TO-DATE.

Photo Owen, Salisbury.

"TROOPER TOMMY'S" CARTE-DE-VISITE IS PRESENTED TO THE MYRIAD READERS OF THE "P.I.P."

summer. Irish hotel-keepers should hasten to follow this laudable example, and thus bring about a happier state of things generally in Ireland by making it a favourite holiday resort of all classes. Whirroo!

Magnificent Chrysanthemums!—The splendour of our autumn flowers provoked the admiration of all visitors on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at the Westminster Aquarium Show of the National Chrysanthemum Society. No wonder crowds came from all parts of the suburbs and from further afield to inspect this brilliant exhibition of multi-coloured chrysanthemums of the choicest kinds.

"Brother Officers," a new comedy by Mr. Leo Trevor, is due at the Garrick next week.

The Acting Version of "Macbeth," as Played by Mr. Forbes Robertson and his company at the Lyceum, has been published by the Nassau Steam Press, and is now on sale at the theatre. The text is illustrated with two photographs each of Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Campbell, and one of Mr. Taber. The book forms a companion volume of Mr. Forbes Robertson's issue of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet."

Miss Evelyn Millard, whom Mr. Frohman was fortunate enough to secure as his leading lady in his venture at the Duke of York's Theatre, makes a very charming Lady Ursula. Young as she is, Miss Millard has been installed as leading lady for many years, for she bounded to the top of the tree, and there has worthily held her place ever since. Miss Millard loves a part which needs to be played with much thought, and one which will send her audience away thinking. In 1891 Miss Millard "walked on" at the Haymarket Theatre, but three years later found her leading lady at the St. James's, having in the meantime undertaken leading parts with Mr. Thorne. She made great successes as Sophia, Miss Tomboy, and Fanny Goodwill; and she was secured by Messrs. Gatti, and at the Adelphi played in "The White Rose," "The Trumpet Call," "The Lights of Home," and "The Black Domino," after which she was the Rosamund in "Sowing the Wind" both at the Comedy and on tour. She had the honour and pleasure of appearing before Her Majesty at Balmoral, and says it was very charming to find the kindly manner in which the Queen herself looked after the comfort of her entertainers, and that she personally inspected the rooms set apart for their dressing. The stage at Balmoral is lighted with oil lamps, and everyone was very much astonished and interested when Mr. George Alexander literally "turned out the gas" in "Liberty Hall"; but that clever manager is always equal to any emergency, and carries his own gas with him.

Photo Dickins, Sloane Street.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD,
"LADY URSULA," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Photo Hana, Bedford Street.

MISS AGNES MILLER,
NOW AT THE DUKES OF YORK'S.

Miss Agnes Miller, who is known here as "that bright little American actress," is really a charming London girl. She is a native of Highbury, and has an elder sister who would also have made a sparkling comédienne. After leaving school, Miss Agnes Miller decided that the stage was the only profession for her, and won the consent of her parents to accept an offer made her by Miss Rosina Vokes to go with her to New York and create a part in "The School mistress." This was some ten years ago. Since then she has been kept constantly busy, for she is the most energetic of girls, and if she is "out" only for a couple of weeks she will organise her own company, and have a little tour, as she did after "Never Again" closed at the Vaudeville. After remaining in the States for two years, Miss Agnes Miller returned for a holiday; and while here was engaged by Mrs. Kendal for some supreme roles, and later on created the part of Daisy in "The Arabian Nights" and Mabel in "Captain Swift." But she pined for "the land of the free," and deciding to return to New York, was at once engaged by the Jefferson and Florence Company, and with them made a great hit as Lucy in "The Rivals." Then she created the part of Marianna in "Beau Brummel," with Mr. Richard Mansfield, before joining Mr. A. M. Palmer for two seasons in modern comedy. The result of her successes and experience was that she was secured by Mr. Frohman, and has remained under his management here and in New York ever since. There is no one to surpass her in a bright, *chic* part, though her performance of Carey Preston in "Alabama," with Mr. Willard, proved her to be capable of real sing the simplest and sweetest of maids.

The Baroness von Rahden, at present appearing at the Empire (the accomplished équestrienne sketched in last week's *P.I.P.*), is of aristocratic parentage, the widow of Baron Oscar von Rahden, who was a grandson on his mother's side, of the last reigning Duke of the formerly independent State of Courlande, now part of the Russian Empire. The present head of the family is Baron von Manteufel, one of the richest nobles in Europe, and a friend of the late Prince Bismarck, who frequently visited the Baron for shooting. The Baron von Rahden's father was Governor of Estlande, a province on the Baltic, and his uncle, Baron von Korff, was Governor of Siberia.

The Kind-heartedness of the Theatrical Profession is proverbial. Managers and the leading lights of the stage combined to give a remarkably brilliant matinée performance on Monday, at the Shaftesbury, (including an act of the revivified "Belle of New York") on behalf of the widow of the late Charles Ryley.

The Life of de Rougemont appears to have been a mystery. A romantic account of his adventures as a kind of modern Robinson Crusoe is attracting great attention in the *Wide World Magazine*. Now the *Daily Chronicle* has satisfied itself that "the modern Robinson Crusoe" is a Swiss, over fifty years of age, of the name of Henri Louis Grin, and that instead of living thirty years (ending in 1886) in the bush, Sydney was his home for seventeen years, "with intervals for disappearances," and that he has left behind there a family, the eldest child of which is fourteen years old. "You pays your money and takes your choice, my little dears," as the showman said.

"The Manœuvres of Jane," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, is announced to follow "The Little Minister," at the Haymarket. The comedy is described by the author as having been "written in a rollicking mood." It is a comedy of rustic life, and turns upon the question whether young ladies of the present day should be chaperoned or whether it would not be an improvement to allow our girls to lead a freer life, like those of America. The scene is in an old-fashioned country house; and simple as the theme may appear, it leads to some extremely amusing incidents and attractive studies of character. Miss Winifred Emery has a capital part. Mr. Cyril Maude will play—not a fantastic elderly man, but a very eccentric young one, which will give the fullest scope to his quaint humour.

Mr. Faber, who takes the responsibility of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden on his own shoulders next spring, has just paid a visit to Munich, where wonderful effects are produced at the Opera by electricity and a revolving stage. Mr. Faber found the Covent Garden area would not be large enough for the revolving stage; but he was so pleased with the Teutonic thunder and lightning that he determined to adopt it, and other illusions produced by electricity. He intends to gratify numerous subscribers who wish to hear some of the popular operas of the past by mounting them beautifully. "The Nibelungen Ring" was a wonderful production; but there are other operas which are far from being "played out," and which would repay revival.

The Popular Series of Sixpenny Novels published by Sampson Low, Marston, and Company, and comprising such masterpieces as Clark Russell's "Sea Queen," and other delightful ocean romances, George Henty's "Jack Archer," and William Black's delightful "Daughter of Heth," "Princess of Thule," and "In Silk Attire," has been enriched by the last-named author's vivid and tragic "Macleod of Dare."

"The Torpedo in Peace and War," by Mr. Fred T. Jane ("Blue Peter" of the *P.I.P.*), is a handsome book which will please all lovers of Jack; and "we all love Jack"! Author of those popular naval works, "Blake, of the *Rattlesnake*," "All the World's Fighting-Ships," each ably illustrated by himself, and inventor of the Naval Kriegspiel (or Ocean War Game), Mr. Jane has such an intimate practical knowledge of men-of-war that he is well qualified to treat with a masterly hand the subject of torpedo warfare. And he has done so with consummate ability in "The Torpedo in Peace and War"—the book of the week. Published by Messrs. W. Thacker and Co., 2, Creed Lane, London, E.C., this seasonable volume, full of vivid drawings, is not only most interesting, but is also an exceedingly valuable work to all who prize a strong and invulnerable British Navy. Bravo, "Blue Peter"!

Mysterious Disappearance of a Boy.—The London police have assiduously sought to trace the whereabouts of Samuel East, aged eight years, who mysteriously disappeared while attending a Sunday school excursion at Hampstead Heath on July 30. The Salvation Army authorities have also taken the matter in hand, and in an interview with one of the officials at headquarters it was stated that they are in hope of being enabled yet to trace him through one of their Homes. The following is the missing boy's description: Hair and complexion, dark; scar on forehead. He was dressed in a blue serge knicker suit, black stockings, laced boots, red cap, and a red and black scarf. Any person giving information that will lead to his discovery to Colonel W. S. Still, Salvation Army International Investigation Department, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., will be handsomely rewarded.

SAMUEL EAST, A MISSING BOY.

To the Police of London residents in the Metropolis owe the greatest gratitude for safeguarding their homes and persons night and day. It is the bounden duty of the public—as we have said, emulating the example of "The Fighting Parson"—to assist the Police whenever a member of "the force" is attacked by the ruffians who run amuck in some of the squalid quarters of town. This duty cannot but have recurred to all just-minded men in reading of the brutal attacks lately made on police-constables in various parts of London. We give a sketch of one of these police martyrs to duty; and we are happy to know that in the district in which he was fatally assaulted a big public demonstration of sympathy with his relatives occurred on the occasion of his funeral. From the Worship Street Police-court last Monday John Ryan, bricklayer's labourer, was committed for trial for the wilful murder of Police-constable Baldwin in Wilmer Gardens, Kingsland Road, on Oct. 1. It is alleged there was a scuffle, and in the melée the constable was twice stabbed in the left side by a man named Ryan, who made his way into Verulam Buildings, Kingsland Road. The wounded constable followed and was again stabbed, falls to the ground bleeding profusely from his wounds. The house surgeon at the Metropolitan Hospital said that death resulted as the effect of a stab evidently inflicted with a sharp penknife in the left side. On Superintendent William Hammond learning of the death of the officer he charged the man in custody with wilful murder.

THE MARTYRED POLICE-CONSTABLE BALDWIN.

The Strange "Christian Scientist" Treatment of the late Major Lester.—An inquest was held at Camberley last Saturday on the death of Major C. Lester, instructor of military topography at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Suffering from peritonitis, he was attended by medical men up to Sept. 5. Then their services were dispensed with, and Mrs. Esther Grant was called in. Her "Christian Scientist" treatment consisted, she said, "in taking up the right thought of the omnipotence and love of God." The jury expressed their "abhorrence of the so-called treatment of Mrs. Grant."

President M'Kinley's Brother-in-Law Shot. Mr. George Saxton, brother of Mrs. M'Kinley, wife of the President of the United States, was shot at and killed in the streets on Friday se'nnight. A woman has been arrested upon the charge of committing the crime.

Arrest and Suicide of a Princess in Berlin. Princess Trubetzkoi, who had been arrested in Berlin in consequence of an application of the Italian Government for her extradition for forgery, committed suicide on Oct. 8 in the police-station where she was lodged.

The Newington Horror.—Mr. John Patterson, who was shot by an old employé at Newington Butts on Friday week, died from his injuries, in Guy's Hospital, on Monday.

The Yellow Mill Pond Tragedy was fully reported in last week's *P.I.P.* The woman described as Dr. Nancy Alice Guildford was again brought up for extradition at Bow Street last Monday, on a charge of manslaughter in connection with the Yellow Mill Pond tragedy. The necessary papers not having yet been received from the United States, there was a further remand.

"P.I.P." HOCKEY SNAP-SHOT AT BUSHEY PARK.

TEDDINGTON (IN PARTI-COLOURED JERSEYS) BEAT CHORLEY WOOD BY TWENTY-SEVEN GOALS TO NIL, ON SATURDAY LAST.

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In our house we buy Chivers' Jellies just because we like them. We have had them a long time now, and buy some every week as regularly as a clock. We have no more money to waste or throw away than other people have, and the reason that we select Chivers' Jellies in preference to others, is that they are so nice and enticing in appearance, set so easily and quickly, taste beautifully, and have such a delicate natural fruit flavour. Besides which, the children are greatly taken with Chivers' Jellies, and, as we know them—the Jellies, of course—to be essentially wholesome, why the voice of the rising generation is enough anyhow to decide in favour of Chivers' Jellies. After testing the various flavours, we find them all good alike. And if a couple of Chivers' Jellies are set on a sideboard or on a tea or supper table they look very nice and appetising—they are so dainty and delightfully transparent in appearance and of such delicate tint or rich hue, according to the flavour. Chivers' Jellies are to be found now at practically all Grocers and Stores, and the owners of the Jellies—who manufacture them, by the way, in special silver-lined apparatus for cleanliness and daintiness—tell us they will send a free sample of Chivers' Jellies to you if you send a postcard to S. Chivers and Sons' Fruit Farm Factory, Histon, Cambridge, requesting a sample in packets. Half-pints, 2½d.; Pints, 4½d.; Quarts, 8d.—[ADVT.]

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Rosalind's Fashions.

ENDLESS and varied as the sources of fashion are, the theatre is one of the most potent. Dress there has become such an all-important art as to frequently be "the thing" rather than the play. The most exquisite materials, lovely laces, rich furs, and jewels galore, and the most accomplished modistes employed to carry out the aforesaid designs, all bring about a result which is a feast of delight to all save the playgoer who takes his play seriously. Millinery is particularly indebted to the stage for new and picturesque suggestions. Have we not recently had, and have we not still with us, the "Trelawny" hat from Mr. Pinero's amusing play? And at the present moment we are welcoming the 'Charlotte Corday" hat, which Mrs. Brown Potter looked so lovely in when playing the part of the revolutionary heroine. The hat she wore was in strict accordance with the period, which would be too startling for everyday wear.

* * *

CHARLOTTE CORDAY CHAPEAU.

Those now being worn are a modification, and in Fig. 1 I introduce an example brought too up-to-date. This is of olive-green felt. It has a very broad band of black velvet round the high crown with a steel buckle in front, and a group of black ostrich feathers towards the right.

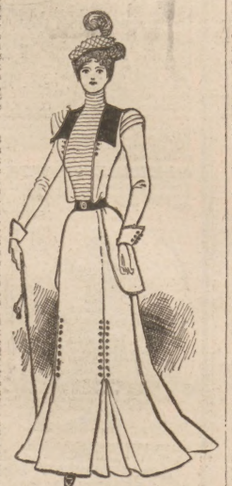
* * * * * *

In Gowns we seem just now to be threatened with an outbreak of revivals from the "seventies." The long skirt and the elbow-sleeve have taken possession of the frock of the moment, and the latter reveals itself on the extremely pretty bodice sketched in Fig. 2. This is made of a creamy transparent crêpe with a silk stripe in it. It is made to pouch at waist immediately in front, over which is a bolero in orange silk edged with an appliqué of cream lace, the V-shaped neck (another cruel revival from the seventies) being finished at bust with a full jabot of orange chiffon. Tiny ruchings of the same encircle the sleeves (at intervals), which at the elbow are finished by very full frills of the chiffon also. The bolero has silk epaulettes with lace appliqué, and the waist tie is of orange silk.

A DAINTY DINNER BODICE.

* * *

Fig. 3 Illustrates a Smart Gown of the latest fashion. The skirt has seams additional, which fulfil the purpose of making the upper part fit as closely as possible to the knees, and from there allows of a flow of folds round the hem. Rows of small buttons mark the end of the fitting and beginning of the flowing features of the skirt. This model is of buff cloth, trimmed with green velvet facings and buttons. The vest is tucked entirely, and the over-bodice is cut on the latest lines, and with one of the new basques at the back. The rage in Paris just now is the scarlet "sac" coat, which is worn short, and decorated with small gold buttons.



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BY T. MULLETT ELLIS.

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"IT is very sad," said the lady-slavey, neatly hanging up the dustpan in the proper place and tidily arranging her white wristbands, for she had early finished her morning's work, as her custom was, she being an early riser. "It is more than sad—it is really pitiful. My sister Ida, who was left penniless when father died, writes me that she is literally starving, and Gwendoline, now that the season for painting Christmas-cards is over, can get no work to do. Poor girl! She is not clever enough to earn her living by art. It is a pity they do not come to my way of thinking, and go in honestly for domestic service.

"Ida writes that she has walked all over London till she is footsore trying to get a situation as a music-governess. A music-governess! Ida, who was three months trying to master the scales. Ah, well! Poverty is a cruel tyrant, so if they can get a little comfort out of their pride, poor girls, let them, say I. Only I think it's a pity they don't become lady-slaveys, for really it is not such a bad life after all—at least that is my experience."

"So you may say, Mabel," answered the house parlour-maid, Sybil Railton, the daughter of a broken-down lieutenant-colonel, whose retired pay was unequal to meet the necessities of a thirsty appetite, "but I think this life has—well, has drawbacks."

"What! Has the master been swearing at you again, Sybil? Or has——?"

"No, Mab. I don't mind that. I am used to swearing. Father brought us up to it."

"What! Have the children been rough to you again, then, or has——?"

"No!" interrupted the lady parlour-maid, tying on a clean apron and endeavouring with a glance of feminine vanity to catch a glimpse of her tall, graceful figure in a very small mirror that hung near the kitchen-dresser. "No, Mabel dear, it isn't that. It's worse; oh, it's dreadful!"

"What on earth is it, Sybil?" enquired the lady-cook anxiously, troubled by the ominous tones of her companion. "Come, confide in me, dear. What has happened?"

"Oh, to think of it!" cried Sybil, striding up and down the red-tiled floor of the kitchen and wringing her hands desperately. "To go down and down and down—to that."

"To what?"

"You like this life, Mab. I know what you say—we have abundance to eat, every comfort at the table and in the house, a nice bed-room, and for your fellow-servant, myself, a lady anyway, and certainly a friend—but, my dear Mabel, do you never, never think of the dangers?"

"Sybil, what do you mean? The dangers? Explain yourself."

"The low alliances," said the parlour-maid in a hushed tone. "That is what I mean. The low alliances."

Mabel's face, always a study in pink and gold, suddenly flushed red like a sunset sky.

"Yes, you're pretty!" continued Sybil, shaking her head sadly. "There is confirmation enough in those blushes if I wanted proof. Come, confess. You are in love."

"Sybil!" gasped the other, flinging herself down on a chair, and hiding her head in her hands.

"With a man-of-all-work," continued the parlour-maid contemptuously. "You, Mabel Elizabeth Dundas Howe, whose great-grandfather commanded Nelson—do you hear, Mabel? commanded Nelson—to descend to this. For shame! For shame, I say. You, a descendant of Dundas Howe!"

"Have I not heard my father say it a thousand times?" Mabel cried passionately. "And now you! Oh, I wish I had common plebeian blood: I wish my grandfather had been a tradesman, that he sold hair-oil or manufactured pills, or better still, that he had been a common sailor before the mast. Anyway, it's a hundred years ago now."

"Mabel Howe, you may tuck up your sleeves and cook, you may make pastry—quite too delicious crust it is, Mabel—so light and crisp—you may even wait at table as I do myself, so long as you confine yourself to waiting on gentlefolk—you may do even menial work and be paid a menial's wages, but you may never forget who you are. 'Noblesse oblige,' Mabel. Our lot is hard, but we must patiently endure. Through all our lives, quiet, long-suffering patience. That is our lot. Patience and work till our race dies out and we, too—die. Work we may, but not—love."

"I know. I know, Sybil. You are quite right," exclaimed the other, as she put her arms round her friend's neck, and gently leaning her head, burst into a flood of tears. "I know," she continued in gasps, through her sobs. "It is hard, but it is true. I have said it often to myself. We may work—but not love."

"What's this? Eh? Tears!" exclaimed a man in shirt sleeves, who was hurrying into the kitchen with a tray of knives and forks. "You're crying, Mabel."

He gently put the tray down as he spoke and approached his fellow-servants apprehensively, but it was Mabel only who concerned him. The lady parlour-maid, drawing up her head proudly, pointed with superabundant majesty to the door.

"Very well," answered the man-of-all-work quietly. "Only tell me first—is anything wrong with Mabel?"

"Yes," replied Sybil; "there is a great deal wrong with Mabel—and with you as well. Keep your place, Sir, and remember——"

"He always does," interrupted Mabel, looking up pleadingly. "Now do not, I beg, say what you were going to, Sybil."

"I was going to say it, and say it I shall," continued the lady parlour-maid, flicking a speck of dust from her well-fitting black dress, "that this lady is a well-born gentlewoman. Her great-grandfather, Admiral Dundas Howe, commanded——"

"Oh, don't, Sybil," interrupted the other timidly. "Don't."

"Yes, do," said the man-of-all-work. "Dundas Howe! Why, he was Rear-Admiral in the Baltic when Lord Nelson was a boy."

"He was. And he commanded Nelson," said Sybil Railton. "Do you hear? He commanded Nelson."

"Oh," replied the man-of-all-work calmly. "Then I guess he had to mast-head him sometimes, because Lord Nelson was a better hand at ordering about than obeying."

"Can you not understand, man, that I say this to you simply to let you know the gulf that there is between you and Miss Howe—not to make you uncomfortable, Jack. You are always a very respectful and really admirably behaved young man, but your attentions are not welcome to Miss Howe—are they, Mabel? And I wish you to understand either that you must treat her with a becoming distance or you will drive her to leave. Won't he, Mabel?"

For answer two great tears mounted into her large blue eyes, filled them slowly fuller and fuller, until the surcharged eyelids could hold no more, and then over they flowed like two liquefied gems and coursed down her cheeks.

This was too much for Jack. "Darling!" he exclaimed, with infinite tenderness, as he put his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Darling!" echoed Sybil Railton scornfully. "Man! Keep your hands off that lady. Mabel, get up, you silly girl! How dare you sit there and let that man paw you about in that familiar way! If you can't control yourself, explain the position frankly to Mrs. Orde and leave at once."

"Yes, let her leave," said Jack, "and I shall leave too—in fact, I shall take her with me. Of course we must show every consideration for Mr. and Mrs. Orde—that's the proper thing to do, I suppose—but I've had a bit of luck to-day, and, by Jove! if I don't run off with Mabel, I'm no Briton."

"The audacity!" cried Sybil.

"Listen, Mabel; come, dry those pretty blue eyes, I've good news. Backed a treble event. Have, 'pon my soul. Had a hundred to one chance, and it came off."

"Now whatever is he talking of?" said Mabel, staring.

"He means that, like poor old Dad, he's been backing horses and netted something. He probably thinks the paltry sum he has won is a fortune."

"Not so paltry," said Jack, fingering a cigarette stealthily, perhaps through force of habit, for he soon slipped it back again into its case. "I only put a tenner on, but the odds were a hundred to one."

"And you spotted the first, second, and third, eh?" said Sybil, whose experience enabled her to understand betting terms. "Well, you were very lucky."

"And a good judge, too—I flatter myself; only it has come off too late. After all the thousands I've lost, only to be able to flutter a tenner! Well, anyhow, it's a cool thousand pounds. So, Mabel, at your very earliest convenience, if you please, we will give up being maid and man-of-all-work, and we'll try our luck in the Colonies. What do you say?"

Mabel looked at Sybil.

"Oh, I have to ask you, have I, Miss Sybil Railton? Does the thousand pounds bridge the gulf? For a time at least it means the end of servitude, and so long as these hands of mine can work, Mabel shall never do another stroke except such as a wife may fairly do. We mayn't be able to run to a lady-slavey," but we'll keep perhaps what they call a 'general' and——"

"Don't talk so fast," said Sybil Railton loftily. "Neither a thousand pounds nor ten times a thousand pounds will buy Mabel Howe. Although she is a lady-slavey, she is not for sale. Ladye-slaveys only let themselves out on hire."

"Ah! I understand you," said Jack with his most courteous bow and with the same pleasing smile that had originally captivated Mabel Howe. "I thank Colonel Railton's daughter for championing you, Mabel; but as I do really mean to have you, I think I had better get you henceforth to answer for yourself."

"Jack," said the girl, opening her great blue eyes honestly upon him, "I fear I do love you, and that's the truth; but as for marriage, Sybil is right. I cannot: it is out of the question."

"You mean that the difference in our birth——"

"She means," said Sybil, interrupting, as her custom was, "that the great-granddaughter of Admiral Dundas Howe must not marry a man-of-all-work, even if he has spotted three winners and pocketed a 'thou.'"

"Jack, she doesn't mean to be cutting," said Mabel softly. "Oh, Jack, but what a horrid nuisance it is to be well-born."

"Mabel," murmured the man, with a recurrence of the drawl that was familiar to his speech in days bygone, while a curious light gleamed over his face. "Ur—don't call me Jack unless you—unless you prefer it. Because, I mean, it's not my name, don'tcherknow? No, I like the name of Jack, because it's a short one—only it doesn't properly belong to me. My real name is—ur—Horatio."

"You'll say it's Nelson next," said Sybil.

"Well—ur—it is, as a matter of fact, and that's the reason Horatio is tacked on to the front of it. Y' know my great-grandfather was Lord Nelson's brother. Yes, Miss Railton—the same chap that Mabel's great-grandfather commanded when he was a boy. Afterwards Lord Nelson commanded Lord Howe, and I'm sorry to say, court-martialed him too, but that, as we used to say at Eton, is a detail. And so my dad, who was proud that we are the same family as the great Lord Nelson, wasn't satisfied with the surname only, but he must tack Horatio on to me at my baptism as well. Now that's something for a poor chap to have to labour along under, isn't it?"

"Then your name is——"

"Horatio Nelson, Miss Railton; if it please you."

"Oh, Jack—Horatio, I mean," cried Mabel, clapping her hands, "but this makes all the difference."

"Does it, dear? Then it's all settled, eh? Your lips upon it."

"Why, then you're—why—well. Then you're a gentleman—quite a gentleman!" faltered Sybil Railton, with a puzzled expression. "But how came you to be here—a man-of-all-work?"

"Well, after Eton and Oxford, you know, Miss Railton, a man with a taste for horses and only a small fixed income must eventually become in some shape or form a gentleman-slavey. He may clerk it in the City or be steward to a nobleman—all sorts of things, but he's bound to come down.

"For myself, after running through everything I had, and more than I could borrow, I took first to one thing and then another. I made a book and broke, I drove a cab and killed the horse, and eventually actually came to eggs.

"Well, here I am now; but I mean to give up being a gentleman-slavey except to Mabel—I'll be her gentleman and her slave too. But I'll never back another nag. They've cost me more than I've won to-day by long chalks. I mean to go to the Colonies now. Some day I shall inherit a snug little sum from my Aunt Adelaide. But before that I should like to win a fortune by fair labour. Will you help me, Mabel?"

"I will, Jack—I mean, Horatio. I will, Horatio, my own darling. Oh, that I will, truly! And, Sybil, you come with us too."

"As lady-slavey? No, thank you. You had better engage a 'general.'"

"No, dear; I am engaged, and to a connection of an admiral," answered the puss saucily, with a look of admiration at her hero.

"A distant connection, that is," said her lover modestly, as he put his arm round her waist.

"But ours is a warm engagement," laughed Mabel.

"Yes," replied he, smiling at her gaiety. "So the sooner you become Mrs. Nelson the better—then we shall be close relations. It is the custom of the Nelsons to bring their warm engagements to a speedy conclusion."

THE END.

THE PENNY LAWYER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. GIBBS.—Write to the Income Tax Adjustment Agency, 13, Poultry, London, E.C.

G. S. (Shoebury).—You have a remedy in the County Court for damages for slander; and a Police Court summons would be granted you if they committed an assault. But we doubt if either of these courses would mend matters. Would an application through the O.C. of your battery to be placed on the strength be entertained?

W. H. P.—Without seeing the agreement, it is difficult to advise you. But apparently, from your letter, you are entitled to three months' notice from the date such notice was given. You should consult a solicitor as to the amount of compensation to be claimed.

J. BURNETT.—Yes. But of course it would be difficult to prove due execution.

H. T.—If he sues you, you should produce receipts or other evidence of payment. He would also have to prove delivery of all the milk.

PANSY.—The adjoining landlord has nothing to do with the matter unless he happens to be your landlord as well, and there is a covenant in the lease restraining you from altering the structure.

W. G.—No. XXX.—No.

RHODA.—She would only be liable to the extent of the estate of her late husband.

A. Q. M.—Lay all the facts before a solicitor.

OTHER REPLIES in next week's *P.I.P.*

READERS who find it difficult to buy *The Penny Illustrated Paper* on Saturdays should take the precaution to ask their newsagents to supply the *P.I.P.* regularly every Friday morning all the year round. LEX.

Miss Candor: "What a splendid world it would be if we could only see ourselves as others see us!"
Miss Hardhead: "I know something better than that."
Miss Candor: "What!"
Miss Hardhead: "To see others as we see ourselves."

SECOND SIGHT.

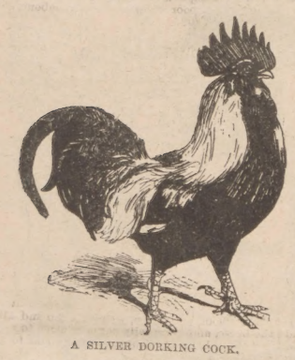
THE ABOVE "P.I.P." STORIETTE will be found AMUSING as a COMEDIETTA for the HOME THEATRE.

The "P.I.P." Farmer.

BY A FRESH HAND.

The Silver Dorking Fowl: Egg Preservation.

It is not long since I gave a description of the handsome variety, the silver Dorking; so there is no need for me to repeat the particulars then given. The sketch, however, will no doubt enable my Londonderry correspondent to identify the bird. With regard to egg preservation, I have lately been reading the experiences of certain breeders in America, and must say the methods



A SILVER DORKING COCK.

adopted by some of them are strange to English ideas. A Mrs. Moore, of La Retta, Kansas, appears to be one of the more sensible hen-wives, and I therefore give an extract from the letter she writes to the editor of the American journal in which the experiences have been published—

Take a New Box that will Hold Twenty Dozen Eggs,

and put a thick layer of coarse salt on bottom of box; then every day as you gather in eggs fresh from the nests, take clean, sweet lard, and grease each egg carefully all over, then set them in the salt, small end of egg down, until you have a layer of eggs set on end, and then take salt and put over your layer of eggs, being careful to fill in between each egg, and fill up every crevice with the salt.

Put Salt Between Each Layer of Eggs

thick enough to set the ends of your next layer of eggs in solid, so there will be no danger of the eggs shaking out of their places when you are turning the box. Keep on in this manner, alternate layers of greased eggs and salt, till your box is full, taking care to put a thick layer of salt on top, next to cover of box; then nail on your box-cover tight, mark on the lid the number of dozens, date of finishing and packing, so as to be sure; and tell your readers, Mr. Editor, to be sure their eggs are fresh, and never put in an egg a week old, or a stale and doubtful-looking egg. I find the best way is to gather, grease, and pack each day's laying of eggs. I put up eighteen dozen in the above way on April 19 (finished my box on the 19th), and unpacked Jan. 12 in the following year, and sold the eggs at a restaurant at twenty cents a dozen. That was my experimental box. People that came in while I was unpacking the eggs

Could Not Tell Which were the Preserved and Which the Fresh Eggs,

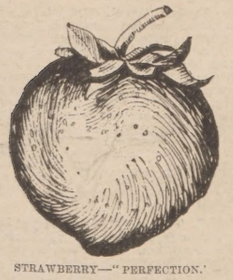
as I broke a preserved and a fresh egg in different cups, and one old gentleman actually picked on the preserved as a fresh egg. I fried and boiled the preserved eggs, and I know no one could find fault with the flavour. The lard prevents the salt from hardening or cooking the egg. I turned my box only twice a week.

I Washed the Preserved Eggs

in warm soapsuds and wiped them dry with an old, soft towel. This has to be done very carefully. The eggs, after washing and wiping dry, can be packed to ship or marketed at home. Pack in any way most convenient, in bran, oats, etc. Of course the preserving will not keep them from freezing before they are unpacked or after. Through the summer they must be kept in a cool, dry place, turning twice a week. In winter keep in a warm, dry place, but not too warm, turning twice a week. The above is just as I did with my eggs, and I had perfect success. To sum up, the eggs must be fresh, the lard sweet, the salt dry, then go ahead.

A New Strawberry.

A remark made by a friend of mine at the British-Grown Fruit Show at the Crystal Palace as to the success of a strawberry-bed he had made under my directions twelve months ago, led me to make further inquiries as to the progress being made by other strains. The Royal Sovereign was the one planted by my country friend, and I am pleased indeed to hear that it has turned out so well. I have, however, to give a trial to a strain introduced a year or two back by a South Country firm, and called Perfection. For some time it was not popular; why, I do not know, but now that its position is firmly established, I think I may venture to recommend it. the specimens of fruit shown me the other day being really superb. It is very richly flavoured, and was the result of a cross between British Queen, well known as one of the finest of all strawberries, and Waterloo, a superb late variety of large size and deep colour. The plant is hardy, grows freely, with a compact habit and robust dark green foliage. It is a very prolific bearer, the fruit being



STRAWBERRY—"PERFECTION."

fully two inches in diameter. The flesh is juicy and luscious, of British Queen flavour, slightly modified by the sweeter and more melting quality of Waterloo; while, as regards colour, it is one of the handsomest strawberries that can be placed on the dessert-table. Its success is now quite assured, for it has naturally improved since introduction.

An Espalier.

A visitor to the grand Crystal Palace Fruit Show has asked me for particulars of the best way to form espaliers. The subject is too lengthy to go into thoroughly, but perhaps the following hints may prove useful. The usual method is to cut the trees down to within a foot of the ground at the first planting, and allow three shoots to start to form a fan-shaped espalier. A central upright leader

ESPALIER TRAINING.

and a regular series of horizontal branches are preferred by many growers, for the trees come sooner into bearing when trained horizontally than when trained at the more natural angle of regular radiation from the centre. Five feet is quite high enough, and from the very first they should be carefully trained, breast-wood cut away, side-stems encouraged, and blank spaces furnished by budding and grafting. In training it is very important to tie in early all the new shoots of the season that they may have the required direction before the wood begins to harden, after which they may have to be more or less strained to bring them to their places. By a little management

When the Shoots are Soft and Green,

the wall or espalier fence may be most regularly furnished as a front or back shoot can often be brought round to fill a gap where there is no side bud in the proper position. Every strong shoot should be trained in full length; there should be no pinching, as in the case of bunch-trees, and the whole space of the espalier should be filled as soon as possible with strong, straight, regularly placed branches. At the winter training, worn-out branches may be removed and replaced by young shoots; and at the summer pruning, forethought must be exercised to provide, if possible, for the replacement of decayed branches by training in young shoots so placed as to be suited to succeed them.

Chrysanthemum Culture.

Much has been written on the culture of the chrysanthemum, still there is ample to add, says a writer in the *Market Gardener*, and nothing needs greater attention than mildew and insect pests, as, if allowed to develop, there will be little hope of a good supply of cut blooms. As far as mildew is concerned, directly it appears the affected parts should be dusted with sulphur to prevent it spreading; then care should be given to preventing its reappearance. Thus warm, dry conditions are essential in this respect, for excess of moisture on the eaves, or at its roots, and want of drainage and air between the plants, are the chief causes of the trouble. Then earwigs are most troublesome. The same may be said of the leaf-boring grub. This is best killed by pressure of the finger, and if only a few leaves are affected, then they may be removed at once. It is of the utmost importance that the plants be kept in proper health and condition.

Picking and Packing Apples.

Apples are already appearing in the markets in quantity, and the all-important question comes in as to picking, grading, and packing. It is equally true in this country, as in Canada, that there is still room to learn something of this trade, as to how to handle and when to handle this wonderful commercial product—the apple. Of course, it goes without saying that the fruit-grower who wishes to make a name for himself must have every apple picked and handled like eggs, and not like potatoes, for every tiny bruise tends to make the fruit of second grade. There is a common notion that apples should lie sweating in heaps for some days before packing; but this is a mistake, for in this way they are made to ripen too fast. They should be packed as soon as picked, and hurried away at once to some cold storehouse, if the best results are to be expected, so that their crispness may be retained.

Skin Disease on a Dog.

My Surrey correspondent need not be alarmed, for his dog can be readily cured. A little sulphur in his drinking-water will cool the blood, and Rackham's Japan Soap used for washing will speedily remove all sores. Mr. Rackham, whose address is the Depôt, Norwich, gives advice free, by return of post, on the treatment of all ailments of dogs.

The Myrobella Plum.

Daniels Brothers, of Norwich, have a very good strain of the Myrobella, or cherry plum.

Schipperke Puppies.

The letters I have received inquiring for puppies have been forwarded to breeders, who will, no doubt, answer the inquiries direct.

Other Replies.

"Tebbutt" and "Pierce."—Have communicated with the agents, who will, no doubt, write to you direct.

"Leamington" writes in the same strain as many other correspondents. I can only repeat—secure your weekly *Penny Illustrated* by ordering it *in advance* of your regular newsagent or at the nearest railway bookstall. If you live abroad or in an out-of-the-way country nook, your best plan is to subscribe for the *P.I.P.* at the London office.

"H. C." (Penge).—Daniels Brothers, of Norwich, can supply you with the strain named. This also will answer "E. W. E.," who wishes for information *re* the Myrobella, or cherry plum.

Best Crosses for Table-Birds.

"Essex," who asks for information as to the best male birds to use in breeding for large-framed table-fowls, cannot do better than use for strain (1) the Aylesbury, (2) the Houdan. These ought to make splendid crosses.

Terms of Subscriptions

to *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. For the United Kingdom: Yearly, 6s. 6d.; half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; quarterly, 1s. 8d.; Christmas Number, 9d. extra. Abroad: Yearly, 8s. 8d.; half-yearly, 4s. 4d.; Christmas Number, 9d. extra. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct by Post Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to Ingram Brothers, publishers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, London. The last number due on a subscription is posted in a coloured wrapper.

N.B.—The "*P.I.P.* Farmer" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of the *P.I.P.*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

The Reading Season having set in with the advent of autumn, the leading London publishers are providing a store of good books. Perhaps, in view of the various dramatic versions placed before the public of "The Three Musketeers," the popular shilling edition of Alexandre Dumas' immortal novel, opportunely issued by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, The Broadway, Ludgate Hill, will be one of the most successful cheap publications of the year. But lovers of finely illustrated books will be delighted with the handsome large and well-bound edition of Dumas's famous romance, also published by Routledge, beautiful alike as regards the myriad of admirable drawings by Leloir and the good printing. Well done indeed, Messrs. Routledge!

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—The Editor of the *Lancet* thus describes CADBURY'S COCOA, which is entirely free from drugs, alkali, or any foreign admixture. Insist on having Cadbury's—sold only in Packets and Tins—as other cocoas are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.—[ADVT.]

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

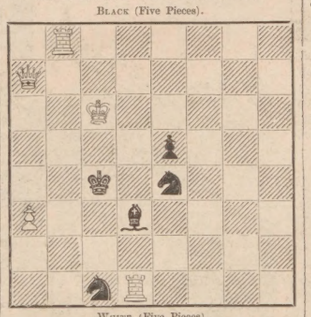
W. H. GUNDRY.—Problem has been received, with thanks.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 243.

1. R to Kt 5th, P takes R 2. B takes P, Mate
1. " Kt to K 6th (ch) 2. Kt takes Kt, " etc.

PROBLEM No. 244. By F. W. ANDREW.

BLACK (Five Pieces).



WHITE (Five Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

BRILLIANT PLAY.

Many years ago, when Steinitz was discussing his favourite topic, or perhaps we ought to say, more correctly, his favourite aversion, namely, brilliant play, with particular application to the games of Morphy, he used to say that Morphy's brilliancy was due to the weak defensive play of his opponents. He was very fond of picking these games to pieces, and he would say that though he first and foremost tried to be sound, he could also be brilliant if his opponent was weak enough to permit of brilliancy without risk of soundness. "If you put your fingers in my mouth you will find that I can bite, though I have no biting proclivities." These words seemed to be true. Steinitz can be as brilliant in his play as anyone else, when occasion arises. This the following pretty game will prove—

WHITE (Steinitz).	BLACK (Trenchard).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to B 4th	P to Q 4th
4. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 5th

Not to be commended.

5. Q Kt to K 2	Kt to B 3rd
6. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Q 3rd
7. P to B 3rd	Q P takes P
8. P takes P	Kt P takes P

By these exchanges Black has given White a valuable centre formation.

9. Kt takes P	Castles
10. B to K 2nd	R to K 1st
11. Castles	P to Q Kt 3rd
12. Q to K 1st	B to R 3rd
13. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to K 4th

The Knight cannot maintain itself on King four. Kt to K 2nd was preferable.

14. P to Q 4th	B takes B
15. Q takes B	P to K R 3rd
16. Kt (Kt 5) to R 3rd	Kt (K 4th) to Q 2nd

WHITE (Steinitz).	BLACK (Trenchard).
This Knight might have played to Knight 3rd.	
17. P to K 5th	B to B 1st
18. Q to B 4th	

Clever play. White's opened K B file wins him the game.

18.	Kt to K 5th
19. Kt to Kt 6th	R to R 2nd

There was no way of defending the K B P.

20. Q takes K B P	Kt takes Q B P
21. B takes P	

Steinitz bites.

21.	Kt to K 7 (ch)
22. K to R 1st	R takes B
23. R to R 5th	Kt takes Q P
24. R to R 5 (ch)	

A pretty finish. It forces mate in three moves.

24.	K takes R
25. Kt (Kt 6th) to B 4th (ch)	Resigns

DRAUGHTS.

W. H. STEELE.—We think the games you mention have been published. Write to F. Dunne, 6, Manchester Road, Warrington.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 200.—By H. O. ROBINSON.

Black: 3, 5, 7, 8, 16, 24, 27K.
White: 10, 13, 17, 23, 29, 6K, 14K.

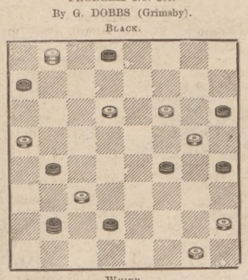
White to move, and win.

13 9	5—21	29 25	30—23
27—18	23 26	21—30	9 4
14 23	7—14	6 9	W. wins.

PROBLEM No. 201.

By G. DOBBS (Grimsby).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and win.

GAME No. 152.

Played between Mr. W. and Mr. M. CHURCH.

"Single Corner" (*).

11—15	21 14	15—24	22 18	2—6	
22 18*	11—15	28 19	16—20	5 1	
15—22	27 23	11—16	13 9	6—9	
25 18	6—9	25 22	5—14	1 6	
8—11	32 27	6—10	18 9	9—14	
29 25	9—18	30 26	7—1	24 20	
4—8	23 14	10—17	9 5	15—24	
18 14	1—6	22 13	11—15	6 15	
9—18	26 23	7—10	27 24		
23 14	8—11	26 22	20—27	Drawn.	
10—17	24 19	3—7	31 24		

STARCH CANNOT BE DIGESTED BY BABIES.—Many Infants' Foods contain little else. HORLICK'S MALTED MILK does not. It is suited for the most delicate infants and invalids: requires no cooking or added milk. Of all chemists. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. A free sample sent, on application, by HORLICK and Co., 34, Farringdon Road, E.C. Send for "Freddy's Diary," post free.—[ADVT.]

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Mr. GEO. BUTLER

Testifies for the little sugar pellets.

"I cannot say enough in favour of your medicine."

MR. GEO. BUTLER.

THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S STORY.

Mr. Geo. Butler, a well-known and popular engine-driver on the South-Western Railway, residing at 29, Goldsboro' Road, South Lambeth, says: "For over six weeks I suffered terribly from rheumatic gout in both hands, both feet, both elbows, and both knees. I was forced to remain in bed fully a fortnight, during which time I could not move at all. An old lady residing next door told me of the benefits she had derived from taking Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. I decided to try it, and the result is I am entirely cured of rheumatism. I cannot say enough in favour of your medicine."

Munyon's Remedies are sold by all Chemists, mostly at 1s.

Personal letters to Prof. MUNYON, 121, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

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or round? If oval, it looks much larger than it really is. Try the effect in the front of your mirror, by pressing the hands to your sides at the waist. The same effect is produced by a "Fairy Belt," which does away with all pulling in or tight lacing, and causes the waist to appear at least two inches smaller, though the circumference is actually unaltered.

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The Evenings are getting longer. Cheer and Brighten them by the music of

Campbell's

COLD MEDAL 1891.

PATENT BROAD REED.

Melodeons

They are the most popular instruments of the day. Used by All Classes in All Parts of the World. They have Organ and Celestial Tone and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The Solemn Psalm, the Soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming Instruments. No Knowledge of Music required.

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Mr. J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P., says—

"After duly testing the Patent Melodeon supplied to me by Messrs. Campbell and Co., I have much pleasure in saying that it is a most marvellous musical production at the money. It is got up in excellent style, the finish being superior. The tone is sweet, yet strong, and can be changed from 'organ' to 'celestial' at will."

Important Testimonial from Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves."

CAMPBELL'S Patent MELODEONS are the ONLY GENUINE Melodeons in the Market. Beware of worthless imitations.

All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's New Illustrated Privilege Price-List for Season 1898, just out. 150,000 of these Valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send One Penny Stamp to **CAMPBELL and CO., 116, Trongate, Glasgow.** (Established 50 Years.)

N.B.—Campbell and Co. have the Largest Stock of Musical Instruments of all kinds in the United Kingdom.

THE "P.I.P." RURAL ARTICLES are now written by a fresh hand—an Experienced Agriculturist.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S RETIREMENT FROM THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND.

POSSESSING, in common with Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales, the rare combination of perfect courtesy and considerateness with due firmness essential in every public post of high responsibility and importance, the Queen's Soldier-Son has deservedly won golden opinions from officers and men during his tenure of the Aldershot command. It is no exaggeration to say that General His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn has

Won the Affectionate Regard

of all his Staff and of everyone with whom he came in contact at Aldershot. Devoted to his profession, H.R.H. discharged each duty in camp, on the review-ground, and during the serviceable Army Manœuvres, in which he displayed good generalship, with a thoroughness which commanded general admiration. The *suaviter in modo* ever went hand in hand with the *fortiter in re*. His unfailing urbanity smoothed the work. In fine, the Duke gained such hearty esteem that the deepest regret is felt at the termination of his period of office.

The Duke's Farewell Review

(of which Mr. Charles Knight favours the *P.I.P.* with a photograph) took place at Aldershot last Saturday morning on the old Queen's Parade Ground, which is close by Government House, where the Duke met the members of his District Staff for the last time officially shortly after ten o'clock. The saluting point was placed on the high ground not far from the official residence of the General Commanding, and this side of the saluting base was roped off for the convenience of the spectators, so that enclosures could be reserved for the Royal party from Government House and for officers and their friends. About half-past ten the Duchess of Connaught, with her two daughters, Princesses Victoria and Patricia (who will be recognised in our photograph), drove on to the Parade Ground, and remained in their carriage close by the saluting point.

The Duke of Connaught,

who was in the undress uniform of a Staff Officer, rode on to the parade about half-past ten. Major-General W. O. Bernard, who was in command previously to the arrival of His Royal Highness, gave the command for a Royal salute as soon as the Duke had reached the saluting point, the massed bands playing "God Save the Queen." The Duke then rode out to Major-General Bernard, who accompanied him in the inspection of the men which he afterwards made. As soon as this was completed, His Royal Highness returned with his Staff to the saluting base, and the order to march past was given.

The massed bands of the Cavalry and the Mounted Band of the Royal Horse Artillery played past the mounted arms. These were led by the Brigade Division of

The Royal Horse Artillery,

under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel F. J. W. Eustace, consisting of E, O, and T Batteries. The appearance of the men in their new undress kit was novel on a ceremonial parade, but it must be said (as the *Standard* remarked) that though they lacked their braided jackets and busbies, they were soldierly and workmanlike.

Major-General R. Talbot Led Past the Cavalry Brigade,

made up of three Cavalry regiments of three squadrons each and the company of Mounted Infantry from the Northern district, which is just now undergoing training at the station. Then came the

Second Brigade Division Royal Artillery,

under Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Hall, made up of the 18th, 62nd, and 66th Field Batteries, and the Royal Engineers—whose men on foot went by at the "trail" in excellent dressing—with both the bridging and telegraph battalions.

The Infantry Came Next,

with the First Brigade, under the command of Major-General A. Fitzroy Hart; Major-General Bernard commanding the Second Brigade; and Major-General H. J. T. Hildyard, C.B., the Third Brigade. The Departmental Corps followed.

H.R.H.'s Farewell Speech and Order.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught called out in the centre of the line all the commanding officers present, and in a short speech he earnestly said he had held the parade in order to have an opportunity of seeing the men under his command in that District once more, and of thanking the officers, and through them the men, for the assistance they had always given him on every occasion. During the time he had been there they had been kept very busy. There had been field columns and manœuvres every year, but in all respects he had been satisfied with the great interest and intelligence shown by the officers and men in their work. He had no doubt the same support which had been extended to him would be extended to his successor. The Duke shook hands with all the commanding officers before leaving the ground. As he rode off, the massed bands played

"For Auld Lang Syne,"

and there was loud cheering by the large number of spectators on the ground.

Later in the day the Duke issued the following Special District Order—

Aldershot, Saturday, Oct. 8, 1898.

In relinquishing the Command of the Aldershot District, I desire to thank the General Staff and the Commanding Officers, the Regimental and Departmental Officers, for the unfailing support they have at all times given me. Owing to the cheerful manner in which all ranks have responded to any call made upon them, the example set by the warrant officers and non-commissioned officers, and the good behaviour of the men, my duties for the past five years have been rendered pleasant and easy. It is with the gravest regret that I now bid farewell to those with whom I am so proud to have been associated.—ARTHUR, General.

THE GRENADIER GUARDS' RETURN FROM OMDURMAN: POPULAR WELCOME TO COLONEL HATTON AND THE GUARDS OPPOSITE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

H.R.H. the Duchess and Daughters in the Carriage. The Duke. Major-Gen. Talbot. Col. Wynne. C.B., D.A.G.

Photo by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

FAREWELL PARADE OF GENERAL THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT ALDERSHOT.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—It is a source of widespread gratification that the Prince of Wales has derived the greatest benefit from the invigorating air of the Highlands. The Prince, who has been absent from London since the end of July, when he went to the Solent for his first period of convalescence after his unfortunate mishap, is expected to leave Scotland at the end of the present week for London, and to arrive in the Metropolis on Sunday morning. It is probable that His Royal Highness will be joined at Marlborough House by the Princess as early as possible after the funeral of the late Queen of Denmark.

Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., is one of the bravest men who ever served our Queen, but is as modest in mien as most great Generals are. He is extremely fond of telling a good story against himself. While waiting at Aldershot Station recently in plain clothes, and unattended by his aide-de-camp, he noticed a young private pacing the platform without taking the slightest notice of him, and, of course, omitting the customary salute. The General called him and asked why he did not salute. "Because I don't know who you are," replied the private stiffly. "I am Sir Evelyn Wood." "Get out," was the rejoinder; "if Sir Evelyn Wood heard you say that, he'd punch your head for you," and he continued his stroll.

H.M.S. "Superb," which has just brought her steam and gunnery trials to a successful issue in the North Sea, will be commissioned and sent to the China station for service as port guardship at Wei-Hai-Wei. The *Superb* is a battle-ship of 9170 tons displacement, fitted with engines of 8500-horse power, and carries a main armament of twenty-two guns. The *Superb* was one of the battle-ships purchased by Lord Beaconsfield's Government out of the six million vote of credit at the time of the Russo-Turkish War.

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS.

BY "TROOPER TOMMY ATKINS."

'TAIN'T often as we gets a show like

The Old "Sandbags" Got

the other day when they came 'ome from their giddy little picnic with the Dervishes; and I can tell you straight that it made us feel good to see wot the public thought of our Townies.

I 'ad a pal in the Queen's company; so, o' course, I put in for an all-day pass, so as I could get

Up from the "'Shot"

to 'ave a "dekko" at the show—and it was worth it. 'Twas on Thursday week. I remember when the Guards come 'ome after the '82 dust up, but I'm blowed if I think they got a better reception than

The Grannies Did at Waterloo.

There was hundreds of "civvys" standing about before ten o'clock, and the troops wasn't expected until one at the earliest, but they didn't seem to mind. They just crowded up against the barriers and watched the officers and the bands which was to play the boys 'ome again.

Me and My Townies—

a chap of the Royal 'Orse and another bloke of the old crush—managed to

"Puckerow" a Corner

right up in the front rank; and there we *was* all right, and no error. There were some girls next us who'd come to see their sweethearts come back, and didn't they just chuck it orf their chests about what Bill and 'Arry 'ad done to the niggers! Lord, to 'ear 'em bawl it orf you 'd 'a thought as their

Two Big Buck Buffsticks

was General Gatacres and Lord Kitcheners rolled into one! We 'ad 'em on a fair treat, and all the while we waited they told us 'ow much service the boys 'ad and what they'd written 'ome about the war, until I'm blowed if we didn't know as much about it as if we 'd been out ourselves. It wasn't so deadly slow, this waiting, as

The Guards' Bands—

there was the three o' them, all gold lace and war 'ats—played selections for over an hour, and that made things better than doing a guard.

All the time the crowd got thicker and thicker, till you couldn't have got a cleaning-rod in between the people, and, crikey! it was no beano to be shoved up against them wooden barriers with a couple of hundred of the "lads" "barging" for all they were worth behind. I was gettin' about fed up when we 'eard a cheer come from the end of the platform, and then come a rush from behind, and the barriers went smash, the peelers was swept out of the way as though they 'd been so many bits o' stick, and we was all over the platform. The gates were shut, but I managed to "jow" up into the front, and saw the train come in. I guess I ain't much on high-strikes; but

Lumme! I Couldn't 'elp Feeling I Wanted to Holloa a Bit

when the bands struck up the "Conquering Hero," and the crowd cheered like mad. I felt jolly well proud of being just plain Tommy, and wouldn't 'ave changed places with any officer in the Army. Tow-row-row! went the drums; and

"Hip! Hip! Hoor-a-ay!" Shouted the Civvys,

as the boys got out, looking 'ard as nails, and fit as you please with their coffee-coloured khaki 'elmets, their "kites" all thin and brown, and their loose red serges, which was all creased and wrinkled, and not much like the padded tunics those blokes wear when they

Trots their Best Girl Out on Sundays.

When they formed up before marching out of the station, we 'ad a chance to look at 'em close, and then you saw what 'ard work 'ad done to these big beefy Guards. They 'ad lost their fat, and just looked like soldiers. Nearly every man carried some loot or other—

Spears, Guns, Swords,

and those awkward little knives the Fuzzies wear round their elbow; and though some toffs in the crowd tried to buy 'em, not a single man would sell. I don't blame 'em neither. They 'ad graft enough to get 'em, and I reckon their old people will

'Ang 'em Up in the Parlour,

and show 'em to everybody who comes to the 'ouse. There was some fine scenes when the ladies on the platform met their 'usbands or brothers, or whatever they was; but

Tommy's Missus

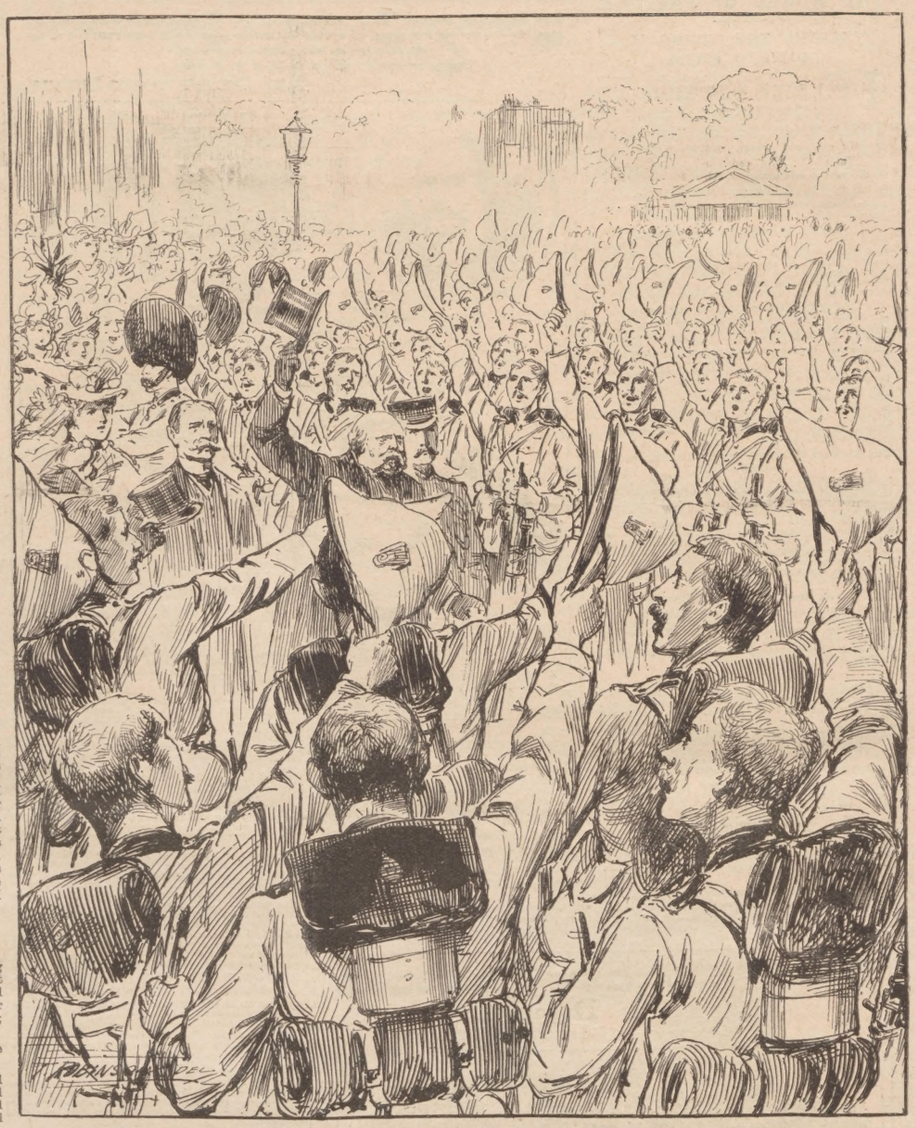
didn't get no chance of saying "'ow do," unless she waited in the crowd, until the blokes got to Wellington Barracks.

Didn't they just get a welcome when they got into the streets! Why, I never 'eard such a shindy! The men yelled, the women cried and waved their 'andkerchiefs, and everybody tried to git as close to the ranks as they could. They took the rifles and carried the spears and things just to get a chance of talking to the lads.

Yes, I reckon the troops feel proud to see that

Their Countrymen Hadn't Forgot 'Em,

and if ever it 's my luck to go on service—roll in the big ship and the white 'at!—I 'opes as I 'll come back to the Smoke when it 's all over, just to 'ave the fun o' being cheered like as if I was a toff instead of Trooper Tommy Atkins!



FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE WELCOMING THE GRENADIER GUARDS BACK AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS.

The Return of the Guards.

THESE are our cold commercial days—at least so people say;
But out upon them who proclaim that worth has had its day!
We honour it in any form, and passing dear we hold
The worth that 's proved on fields of fame by stubborn hearts and bold.

And if there is a sight that cheers, and one which Britons love,
It is the gleam of scarlet, which our soldiers' presence prove—
The brightest bit of colour in the grey of modern times,
And the grandest note of music in the tune of modern rhymes;

Warm, bright and glowing, like the hearts that love the soldier's name,
And hold him as the architect of even greater fame.
For Britain in the days to come, great Omdurman's renown
Has taught the world we mean to hold our matchless glory-crown.

We glory in the Lancers who above death's dark and dread
The halo of self-sacrifice, the glow of valour shed.
We honour all our gallant corps, whose prowess well is known,
But Guardsmen are peculiarly our mighty London's own.

Her glooms and greys are brightened by that scarlet coat of fame—
The coat that gleamed at Inkermann when foes were put to shame.
And as she welcomed home the men who made our Crimean pride,
She welcomed back from Omdurman the brave and battle-tried.

She poured her teeming thousands forth, and warm on every face
There flashed our glory in the brave, the pride of British race.
The rich and poor, the high and low, were one in heart to give
A welcome home to heroes, and a welcome that should live.

The brave came forth to greet the brave, our Soldier Duke was there,
Who led the Guards to victory in many a battle blare;
And names of honour and renown lent lustre to a sight
Which was the grandest sequel to the story of the fight.

And there was joy, methinks, among the men when o'er the wave
"A bit of dear old England" rose—the shouts that greet the brave.
And there were thoughts of dear ones and the greeting word to come,
Then the great city's ocean roar of cheers—and welcome home.

Ay, how they welcomed home again those glorious Grenadiers,
With all a conquering Nation's pride, hurrahs, and smiles, and tears;
For they had seen the greatest fight that modern times can show,
And they had met and faced unmoved a fierce and dauntless foe;

And they heard his orders ring whose wisdom has the power
To turn the fortune of a fight, however dark the hour;
And they a campaign proud had shared—had crossed the burning sand,
And, best of all, for England and for home had made a stand.

But not alone with honour came the heroes from afar,
For borne in triumph in their train they brought the spoils of war:
The spears of foes, the captured flags, the guns that blared and blazed
When Britain's sons from Britain's shield its one dark blot erased.

But they must not be forgotten, who were foremost in the fight,
Who seized and silenced booming guns and cleared and crowned the height—
The gunners, scarlet runners when they speed towards the fray,
For the backbone of our Army is the glorious "R.A."

Now should the call to arms resound once more within our isle,
Those who have shared the dangers and the glories of the Nile
Shall face unmoved the stoutest foe upon the sternest field,
With Khartoum and with Omdurman triumphant on their shield.

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee").

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SWIM.

THERE may be some justification in a grumble against instructing children of the poorer classes in languages and music at the expense of the rate-payer; but no one can reasonably find fault with the efforts that are being made by the London Schools Swimming Association to encourage the pursuit of swimming among the juveniles of both sexes; indeed, it should be considered a duty to support, in some way or other, so laudable an object. It is not only from a life-saving point of view that such a practice should be regarded, for the value of such an exercise as an aid to health and sanitation cannot be overestimated. Steady progress has been made by the Association, yet more might be done with ampler means, which should not be pleaded for in vain. Yearly there is a competitive meeting at which the

London Schools Championships

are decided. That for the present year was held at Deptford Baths, New Cross Road, on Oct. 7; and while the crowded state of the space available for lookers-on was particularly gratifying, the appreciative mood of those present was even more so, for it was confirmation of the successful carrying out of excellent arrangements. The

100-Yards Championship for Girls

was won by Miss M. Harley (Millfield Road School) after a capital race with M. Hanson (Heber Road); that for boys went to that remarkably good exponent, W. Harbord (Camberwell Grammar School), next to whom finished A. Benyon (Grafton S.C.), while H. Devereux (Brockley Road) was third. The winner, though not pressed, swam the distance in 1 min. 18 sec. The Massey-Mainwaring Cup (girls under thirteen) was again won by Miss M. Wood; the holder, Miss M. Harley, was also successful in the George White Shield race for girls under fifteen; the Meath Cup (boys under thirteen) was secured by J. Epps, Holland Street; the Ashbee Cup (boys under fifteen) by A. Harvey, Gillespie Road;

The Stewart Headlam Banner (Girls' Diving Championship)

by Miss M. Harley; the Hester Cup (boys' diving championship) by H. Meade; the Fabian and Synge Shields by Christ Church and Wenlock Road; the Life-Saving Competition tied for by Southwark Park and Burghley Road; the Clarion Team Championship (boys) by Orphan Working School; and the Norris Team Championship (girls) by Burghley Road, Kentish Town. Anyone dissatisfied with an evening's entertainment embracing all the races indicated as above must have been hard to please. All honour, say I, to the London Schools Swimming Association. May it be prosperous and long-lived!

Jarvis and the Half-Mile Record.

On the same evening as the entertainment above recorded, amateur champion J. A. Jarvis appeared at the Corporation Baths, Paisley, and accomplished a record half-mile swim, inasmuch as he covered the distance in 12 min. 17 sec., just 10 sec. better than the previous best time, made by himself at Nottingham a fortnight previously.

Cricket at the Crystal Palace.

A project is on foot to form a cricket club under the title of the "London County Cricket Club," the home matches of which will be played on the ground of the far-famed Crystal Palace. The preliminaries have so far advanced that matches have already been arranged for next season, including one with the Australians. There is, I need hardly say, plenty of room on Sydenham's people's pleasure-ground, and Mr. Henry Gillman may be trusted to see that good accommodation is provided for spectators. Besides,

Dr. W. G. Grace

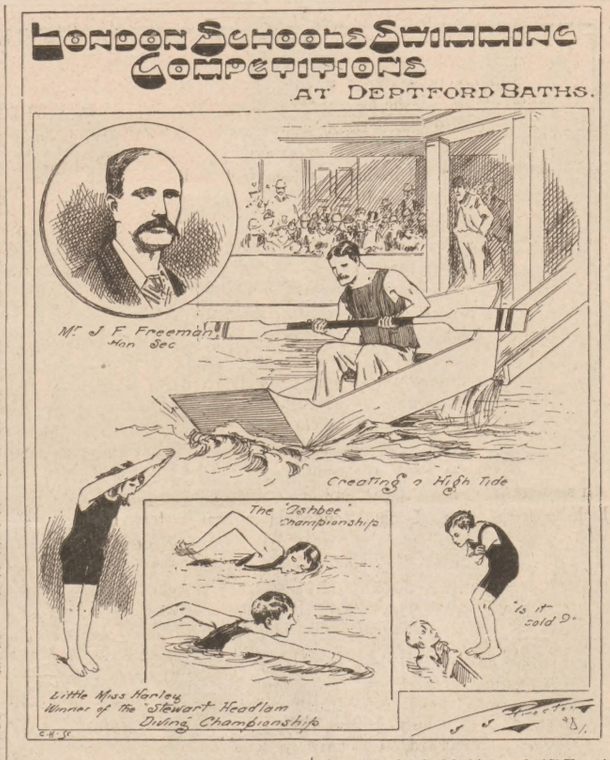
is to be secretary and manager, and is to reside—lucky man—in the neighbourhood.

Rugby Footballers

are now as busy as their brothers of the Association code, and all are enjoying the game more by reason of the cooler weather. Saturday was a capital day for the fun, though grounds were hard through want of the rain which fell on the following day.

London Scottish Showed Improvement

on their form against the Marlborough Nomads, and gave Rosslyn Park a decisive beating by twenty-one points to three. Forward, the teams were pretty evenly balanced, but the back play of the London Scottish was greatly the superior.



Blackheath Successful at Gloucester.

The match of the crack London club was watched by a large company. On their own ground Gloucester were at a slight advantage, and the meeting furnished a splendidly even game, in which the play was fast and all the scoring done in the first half. Blackheath won by 8 points to 5.

Richmond Scratch Another Match.

Richmond were to have met the Harlequins at Catford, but the hardness of the ground induced them to abandon the match, not caring to risk injury to their players.

Marlborough Nomads Succumb to R.M.A., Woolwich.

The conquerors of London Scottish were seen to much less advantage at Woolwich, and the Academicians crossed their line four times, winning by two goals and two tries to a try. At Croydon, the club of that name beat St. Thomas's Hospital by one goal and four tries to one goal, but the game, though one-sided, was toughly contested. The visitors had not their best team. The Old Merchant Taylors visited Newport, and lost to that redoubtable club. Leicester received a team of the Manchester F.C., and rubbed them down to the tune of five goals and five tries to nothing. Some nine thousand persons watched this one-sided exhibition.

A good performance by Millwall Athletic. Last season

Millwall Athletic

were not themselves, but in each game they played against Woolwich Arsenal they escaped defeat. On Saturday, at Plumstead, they met for the first time this season, and it was only the fine goalkeeping of Ord that saved the Arsenal from defeat. Considering that Donald Gow strained his thigh just before half-time, and assisted Millwall no longer, and that Geddes, another of the visitors' players, broke his collar-bone in the course of some very rough play (not the only instance) some ten minutes before time, the draw of one goal each was distinctly creditable to Millwall. The attendance numbered about 12,000. There was a large company also at Northumberland Park, where

Tottenham Hotspur and Chatham

played a tie in the Southern League competition. The "Spurs" won by two goals to none; they might have done even better than this, for they were considerably superior to their opponents. New Brompton, Gravesend, Reading, Southampton, and Bristol City all proved successful in the same competition on Saturday.

London Caledonians at Ipswich.

The Caledonians may have wished for a closer match but they could not have been other than pleased with themselves at the result of their match against Ipswich, for they won by six goals to two. It was also a one-sided game between

Casuals and Marlow Town

at Tufnell Park, the former, who had the assistance of W. J. Oakley, R. R. Barker, and G. O. Smith, winning by eight goals to none. The meeting of Clapton and Ilford, as usual, excited a great deal of interest, and there was a goodly company at the Spotted Dog, Upton Park. The game was one-sided and not free from roughness. Clapton won by six goals to one.

League Matches.

All the clubs in the Leading Division were engaged on Saturday, and in seven of the matches a tangible result was obtained. Sheffield United were victorious over Bury, Blackburn Rovers, second on the list, beat Sheffield Wednesday, Everton beat Bolton Wanderers, Aston Villa beat Preston North End, 28,000 people witnessing the match; and other winners were Stoke, Burnley, and Sunderland. Notts County and Notts Forest, to which 20,000 were attracted, resulted in a draw, as also did the match between Wolverhampton Wanderers and Derby County.

A Warning to League Clubs.

The Football Association have just fined Leicester Fosse £10, and suspended their secretary, W. D. Clarke, for twelve months from taking part in football or football management for not carrying out the rules of the F.A. with regard to registration of professionals. W. Rowley, of Stoke, the player also concerned, also suffers suspension for twelve months. The F.A. are evidently determined that they will be obeyed, and in this matter they will undoubtedly have the support of the League clubs generally.

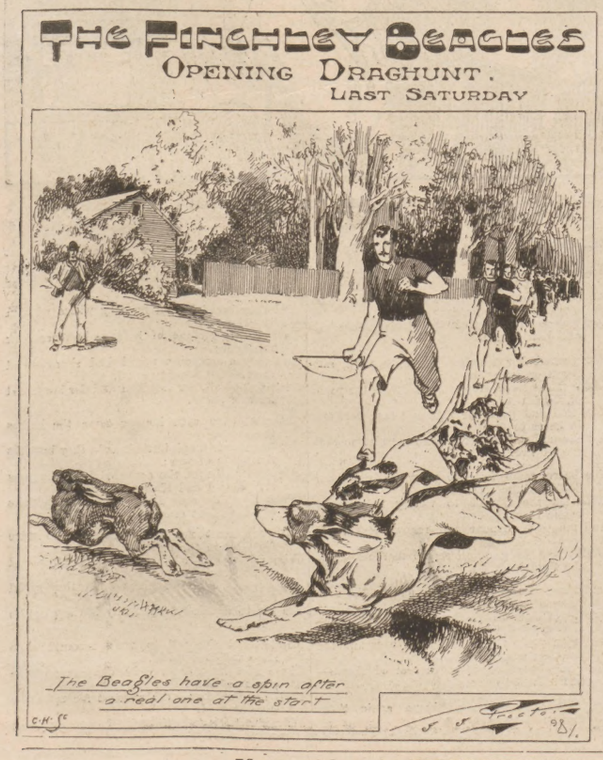
Monday's Matches

were not particularly numerous, but some were of interest to most followers of the game. Woolwich Arsenal and Luton played a hard game, in which victory, well deserved, went to the former. Tottenham Hotspur, in the presence of 6000 persons, administered severe defeat to Southampton. Both the above were ties in the United League competition.

To Dean's Sixpenny Champion Handbooks, comprising lucid guides to cricket, gymnastics, boxing, draughts, rowing, and Indian clubs, have been seasonably added a handbook on Rugby and another on Association Football, each by "Straw Hat." These capital little handbooks are published for sixpence each (sevenpence post-free) by Dean and Son, Limited, 160A, Fleet Street, E.C.

A Ten-Miles Race Won by a Yard!

The first of the series of matches arranged between F. E. Bacon and Len Hurst took place at Ashton-under-Lyne. There was a strong wind blowing, the track was hard, and Bacon was a warm favourite. The lead changed hands continually. Entering the last lap Hurst had the advantage of two yards, but 200 yards from home Bacon drew level and eventually won by a yard in 54 min. 44 sec.



Cross-Country Clubs

were all "on the job" on Saturday, and found conditions very favourable. The old Thames H. and H. had a paper chase from headquarters, Roehampton. Hounds were numerous, but hares were not caught in a seven-miles run. Blackheath Harriers started from the Green Man Hotel. There were three packs and the run proved most enjoyable, while the "smoker" afterwards proved a very pleasant wind-up. The Lea Harriers had a four-mile spin from Chingford, going to delightful High Beach and back.

Finchley Harriers and their Beagles.

Our special Pastimes Artist was out with the Finchley boys on Saturday, when the opening drag-hunt of the season was conducted over the Neasden country. The ground was hard, but the pace maintained was good and the sport proved very enjoyable. For so early a period of the season the pack seemed in excellent condition, and the members are looking forward to much fun from this form of "hare and hounds."

Great Grimsby Swimmers

have a generous patron in Councillor R. D. Melhuish, who is a good fellow generally, prompt to help the poor, and deservedly popular. Not only does he strive to relieve the distress in Grimby by liberal gifts, but he has, I understand, recently sent several tons of fish to the unemployed poor in South Wales, Coventry, Nottingham, and other towns. He has this year presented to Grimsby a noble trophy to foster the useful art of swimming. This is the Melhuish Silver Challenge Cup, valued at £75, won for the first time by a fleet young swimmer named George Allison. We could do with a few Melhuishs in London.

BANSHEE.

THE RACING WORLD.

THE OUTLOOK FOR NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING was none too bright, and it was with some trepidation that sportsmen set out for the little town whose racing business is so big.

The Cesarewitch.

Still, the clerk of the weather's vagaries did not deter many from running down to assist at the Jockey Club's great long-distance handicap. Nor did the fact that the field would be small; neither could the circumstance that no French horses would be running. The last of them was announced as scratched in Tuesday's papers. Masque II., if sent to compete, would have drawn a number of punters from across the water, where on Sunday the natives were bitten with

The Sloan Fever,

just as ours have been. Apparently they think that the little Yankee can make horses win, whether they are good enough or not, and betted accordingly. He won one race, the first of Sunday's programme

"TOD" SLOAN.

At Auteuil,

but afterwards was a failure. Our horses, too, were all beaten for the Grand Prix du Conseil Municipal, which fell to M. de Bremont's Gardefeu; and I am sorry to say that

Morny Cannon,

who rode the second, Dinna Forget, was called before the Stewards on complaint by someone that he had ridden foully with Sloan. The charge was absurd, and caused no little indignation among the English division, more especially as Cannon is so scrupulously fair. We missed the Frenchmen from Newmarket, where they attract a good deal of attention; but we had

Plenty of Americans,

who, if they do call notice on themselves, do so merely by their presence and not by any loud behaviour. These went heavily on Asterie, as they have been betting on

Most of Sloan's Mounts.

No one would believe what a lot of money they lay out quietly.

We missed more than all the rest put together

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,

whose family bereavement prevented his attendance. H.R.H. is always more than welcome, if only because he has been so good a supporter of the Turf. Somewhat curiously, the Prince's stable (Marsh's) was not represented in the big race, though, of course, they had many elsewhere engaged, and so had the Royal owner. The talent were cut up into fewer sections than usual, because of the field's smallness.

Herminius

had been favourite, or nearly so, all through, but Chaleureux pressed him close. Merman,

Mrs. Langtry's Horse,

who won last year, carried the hopes of a good many, while Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's mare,

Goletta,

came into favour at the eleventh hour; Survivor, another of

The Australians

who have made so much stir of late, had wavered in the betting more than was liked, but most were afraid he might come at the last moment to upset the home school, among which they reckoned Merman.

Up Guards Winning

meant a fortune being distributed among little Sussex speculators. These had gone for him all through the piece. On the other hand King Crow's getting

First Past Mr. Robinson

was the same thing, only with Yorkshire read in place of Sussex. Actæna, another Colonial, few trusted; nor South Australian, who is not an Australian except by name. Bonnebosq's veteran owner and trainer held faith in his colt, who had, so said the local wags, been in training for this race ever since he became a yearling. Many would have declared for the South American

Cartouche

only for fear that his jockey would not stay the course, if the horse did. Cartouche had looked like winning this same race last year.

Beverini's Mishap

on Monday was a sad blow to Northampton, for his owner lives there, is greatly respected, and is most popular. All Northampton is always on Mr. Monkshall's horses, and this time they had not forgotten to back the one they say ran so well at their own meeting. News, therefore, that he had hit himself in his winding-up gallop was very sorrowfully received, though, of course, they allowed themselves to hope, knowing that you never have lost (nor won) till all is over. Villiers few thought of seriously, because he had flattered and deceived.

The Cesarewitch was Actually Won by Sir J. Miller's Chaleureux,

steered to victory by O. Madden; Astérie (T. Sloan up) being second, and Merman (Morny Cannon) third. Now I must put on my considering cap, and think out something good for the Cambridgeshire.

BENDIGO.

The Famous Dr. Carpenter was once introduced as "Dr. Carter." "Never mind," said he, "it's only a slip of the pen."

If you wish to be FORTU-NATE, Subscribe to the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT.

Every Thumb Turned Down.

"Wride, I am sorry to say you will never do any more work."

It surely looked like a safe prediction. If you had stood by the doctor's side at the time, enlightened by his knowledge, you would have held his opinion. Other medical men said the same thing. Had you been the patient you would not only have considered yourself booked for the long and last journey, but as virtually on board the train. Even Wride's relations and friends were unable to find a peg to hang a hope on. As in the case of an unpopular gladiator, lying wounded and beaten in the Roman arena, nobody spoke up for him. Every thumb was turned down. If Luke Wride lived and got well under the circumstances, he would do so in the very face and eyes of all whose judgment was worth a rusty sixpence. Yet see! On Dec. 1, 1897, about four years after the date of his death sentence, this very man writes a letter in which he says, *"I am now in the best of health, and can walk twenty miles a day in my business."*

Here is a fact which calls for an explanation. It shows that *vox populi* is not always *vox Dei*, and weakens one's faith in majorities.

"In the spring of 1887," says Mr. Wride, "my health began to fail. I felt dull, heavy, and tired, having lost my usual energy and life. I had a bad taste in the mouth, my appetite was poor, and I was constantly retching. After meals I had an awful pain and weight at the chest. I soon became weak and emaciated. Often when I had got half way to my work I felt so weak I was obliged to turn back. For two years I struggled on and was then compelled to give up work altogether. I could hardly sleep or rest, and was in pain after every morsel I ate. I suffered so badly from palpitation of the heart I thought I should die.

"My breathing soon came to be so difficult I had to be propped up with pillows. Dropsy next set in, and my legs, feet, and body were so much swollen that I had to have my clothing let out. I was unable to wash or dress myself, and had to be assisted to bed. For three years I passed most of my time in bed, and for over five years could only crawl across the room. As month after month passed I only grew more feeble and never expected to be better in this world. I was so wretched and miserable I often wished myself dead. All my relatives and friends thought I was in a consumption and doomed to die. I had one doctor after another who gave me medicines and cod-liver oil, but I was none the better. I went to the Bristol Infirmary as an in-patient, where I was attended by several doctors, but after six weeks' treatment was discharged as incurable. I then attended the Guinea Street Hospital, where they gave me medicine without good result. All the doctors said there was no hope for me, and a physician from Bedminster, who visited me, said, '*Wride, I am sorry to say you will never do any more work.*'

"In a half dead, half alive state I continued until May 1894, when my brother-in-law, Mr. Ford, of Clutton, visited me, and recommended me to take Mother Seigel's Syrup. I had no faith in that or in anything else, but to please him I got a bottle from Messrs. Hodder's stores and began taking it. In a few days I found great relief, which gave me some confidence in it. I continued taking it, and soon I could eat well, the food causing no pain. I now gained strength slowly but surely, and never looked behind me. Of course my final recovery was gradual, as I was a complete wreck. In the course of a little time the dropsical condition left me, and I have had no return of it since. I grew stronger and stronger daily and was able again to get about after eight years' illness.

"*I am now in the best of health, and can walk twenty miles a day in my business as traveller.* I can eat anything, and know nothing of the weakness that afflicted me for so many years. All my friends and neighbours wonder at my recovery. I tell them that Mother Seigel's Syrup alone has cured me, and but for it I am sure I should now be in my grave. You are at liberty to publish this statement as you like and refer anyone to me. I will gladly answer inquiries." — (Signed) Luke Wride, 2, Bristol Place, Bryant's Hill, St. George, Bristol, Dec. 1, 1897.

Mr. Wride has resided in his present house fifteen years, and is well known and highly respected in the district. His disease was of the digestive organs, progressing until the liver, the kidneys, the heart, the lungs, and practically the whole system, were involved. Inasmuch as the dropsy, caused by kidney failure, is commonly one of the last and fatal symptoms in such cases, the doctors were fully justified in pronouncing this case incurable. And under the ordinary treatment no doubt it would have proved so; but in this, as in so many like instances, Mother Seigel's Syrup showed that it possesses curative properties not shared by any other remedies. Hence the (fortunate) mistake of the doctors and the happy recovery of their patient.

HAPPY

IS THE

MAN

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A WEDDING IN WHICH THE QUEEN HAS TAKEN MUCH INTEREST.

AT the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the gracious permission of Her Majesty, on Oct. 8,

Lady Lilian Spencer Churchill,

daughter of the Marchioness of Blandford and sister of the Duke of Marlborough, was led to the altar by

Mr. Cecil Alfred Grenfell,

son of the late Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, and nephew of General Sir Francis Grenfell. The wedding was a very quiet one, owing to the recent sad death of the bridegroom's brother, Lieutenant Grenfell, who was, unhappily, killed in the gallant charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman.

The Duke of Marlborough

gave his youthful sister away. She was greatly admired in her wedding dress of pure white satin made with a long Court train, veiled with chiffon and old Brussels lace caught up with tiny bunches of orange-blossoms, the whole having a very pretty effect. In her hair was a spray of orange-flowers covered by a tulle veil, and she carried a lovely bouquet of white flowers grown at Blenheim Palace.

Four Aristocratic Bridesmaids—

Lady Norah Spencer Churchill (the bride's sister), Lady Beatrice Herbert (daughter of the Earl of Pembroke), Lady Helen Stewart (daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry), and Lady Margaret Villiers (daughter of the Earl of Jersey), were in attendance, and were gowned in white satin veiled with white chiffon and embroidered tulle, the bodices finished off with sashes of pale blue satin. Their hats were of pale blue felt with folded velvet crowns, trimmed with ostrich feathers of the same colour and clusters of blush roses underneath the brims. Each bridesmaid wore a pale blue enamelled brooch with the initials of the bride and bridegroom in diamonds, and carried a bouquet of pink-and-white flowers, the gifts of the bridegroom. The Hon. Robert White (who accompanied Dr. Jameson during the Raid) acted as groomsman. The service, which was choral—the famous choir of the Chapel Royal being in attendance—was conducted by the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal (the Rev. Edgar Sheppard), assisted by the bridegroom's uncle. The register was signed by no fewer than fifteen relations and friends of the newly married couple. Those who signed were the Duke of Marlborough, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, the Dowager Countess of Lichfield, the Marchioness of Blandford, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lady Grenfell, Sir Robert Gresley, Lady Frances Gresley, the Marquis of Waterford, the Hon. Robert White, Lady Norah Spencer Churchill, Lord Churchill, Lord Claud Hamilton, and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice—an unusually lengthy list. There was no reception held after the ceremony, Mr. and Lady Lilian Grenfell leaving later in the day for Blenheim Palace (the magnificent seat of the Duke of Marlborough). The presents, over four hundred in number, included a handsome gold and silver clock from Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

A BIG CITY WEDDING.

Another wedding which has caused considerable interest in London for the past few weeks was solemnised on the 12th inst. at St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate, when Miss Florence Davies, second daughter of the popular Lord Mayor of London, was led to the altar by Dr. Charles N. Barton, son of General Howard Barton, of the Bengal Staff Corps.

Miss Florence Davies

is a charming young lady of medium height, with soft brown hair, and a kindly and pleasing expression. She is a great favourite in her own circle, and the poor have good reason to be grateful to her for the many kind and thoughtful acts she has performed on their behalf. She is the most devoted of daughters, and truly the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress's loss will be the happy bridegroom's gain.

Dr. Barton,

in the words of his friends, is "an awfully good fellow," brimming over with good spirits, and first-rate company. He has a growing practice in South Kensington. Well! now I have introduced you to the happy pair, let me tell you about the wedding. Of course, the church was packed. Ex-Lord Mayors, future Lord Mayors, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and other City dignitaries were there; while the handsome dresses of the ladies and the beautiful floral decorations added not a little to the brightness of the scene. The Bishop of Marlborough (who is Rector of Bishopsgate and Chaplain to the Lord Mayor and to the Honourable Artillery Company) tied the nuptial knot, assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Rochester (Dean Hole, who afterwards addressed the newly wedded couple in an impressive sermonette) and also by the Rev. J. L. Davies, of St. Botolph.

The Bridesmaids,

six in number, waited the bride's arrival at the church door. These young ladies were her three sisters—Miss Davies, Miss Violet Davies, and Miss Mabel Davies—her cousin, Miss Gordon, Miss Wilkin (daughter of Sir Walter Wilkin, who was Lord Mayor in 1895-96), and Miss Bowes. They looked very smart in frocks of white satin, the skirts being edged with shaped flounces of chiffon, which were brought up to the waist on one side and caught up here and there by true lovers' knots of turquoise velvet, and the bodices were arranged with pretty Marie Antoinette fichus of chiffon. Their hats were very becoming, being of turquoise "miroir" tastefully arranged with white and black ostrich plumes, which were smartly fastened on with steel and paste buckles. These dainty head-dresses, as well as all the hats in the bride's trousseau and the smart bonnet worn by the Lady Mayoress, were designed and made by Mrs. Ritchie, of 293, Regent Street, whose refined and excellent taste is so well recognised by her numerous fashionable patrons. Very graceful looked

The Bride,

as she walked up the aisle on the arm of her father, who gave her away. Her wedding robe was of soft white mousseline-de-soie, the corsage and petticoat being arranged with real lace appliqué, and a small pinafore of lace was held up over the shoulders by straps of orange-blossoms and white heather. The full Court train was of rich white satin embroidered in a design of true lovers' knots in white with a delicate touch of gold, and was carried by a small page attired in a "Charles Surface" costume. Mr. Walter Barton, cousin of the bridegroom, was best man. After the ceremony the Lady Mayoress welcomed the guests at the Mansion House, over twelve hundred having received invitations; and later Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Barton left for their honeymoon tour, which is to be spent on the Continent.

The presents were most magnificent, and far too numerous to particularise, excepting that of the Corporation of London, which was a superb diamond and pearl necklace.

Any reader of mine who is anxious to know all about the very newest designs for dresses, capes, jackets, tea-gowns, evening frocks, hats, and bonnets will do well to invest one shilling in the brilliant and charming

Autumn Fashion Number of the "Lady's Pictorial,"

date Oct. 8. It is so full of information respecting where to go and what to choose that it would be cheap at double the money; and I am sure that nothing of interest has been forgotten by the ubiquitous "Butterfly," who, accompanied by a clever artist, has roamed, for our benefit, from one London show-room to another, and, apparently, overlooked nothing that was worth mentioning. It seems to me—and I have been looking round on my own account—that

The "Peplum," or Over-Skirt, is Coming In Again.

There is a sketch of one of these graceful gowns on the first page of the magnificent *Lady's Pictorial* Fashion Number, just mentioned. The design very much resembles the old and becoming polonaise, but the bodice and over-skirt are in one material, the under-skirt of another; but one or two that I have seen myself were not polonaises, and they were of the same material throughout. The tunic, or peplum, was rather short, but at the back it covered the under-skirt completely, and even fell, slightly trained, to the ground. It was most graceful and becoming, and would look charming made in cashmere over silk or velveteen. There are now some exquisite shades to be had in cloths and cashmeres.

Dahlia and Petunia Colour,

which are really very much the same, are decidedly in favour, and, with a cloth dress, or one of cashmere, a felt hat of exactly the same colour must be worn, if we want to look very smart and up-to-date. I am glad to see the fashion coming in of

Dresses All Through of the Same Colour,

and bonnets and hats to match. Some of the prettiest gowns described by "Butterfly" in the afore-said captivating Autumn Fashion Number are to be seen in the show-rooms of D. H. Evans, of Oxford Street. I had the pleasure of a peep at the evening frock of

Sevres Blue Moire,

with the skirt opening to show a bewitching arrangement, called by courtesy a "petticoat," of white silk, with frills of white chiffon fringed with jet. Narrow bands of chinchilla were very deftly used on the bodice; and a more lovely frock for a young matron cannot well be imagined. The show-rooms of the West-End, and beyond the margin of the West (notably at Wallis's, in Holborn, and at Nicholson's and Spence's, St. Paul's Churchyard), are just now to be reckoned among the sights of London.

The "Ladies' Home,"

the extremely tasteful and interesting threepenny fashion paper issued weekly from the office of the *Lady's Pictorial*, continues to progress in popularity, as it richly deserves to do. I find it a charming journal. It is so bright and readable, and the drawings and articles are arranged so artistically on the sparkling pages. Get the signally attractive special Autumn Number—only 3½d., post-free—from the Office, 172, Strand, and judge for yourselves of the rare diversity of the contents. It will surprise you, as it did me. The very latest fashions for this time of the year are faithfully delineated. Every column contains something of interest to women. The gossip cleverly condensed in "What Mrs. Mondaine Thinks" will agreeably while away many a minute in a cosy arm-chair. In fine, the *Ladies' Home* should be a great favourite in every boudoir. To add to its many allurements, the *Ladies' Home* proprietors have hit upon

A Novel Prize Competition,

which is to yield a prize "absolutely to every lady who makes application in proper form"; and it is promised on page 845 of the *Ladies' Home* for Oct. 15 (the special Autumn Number, in fact) that "the money value will be paid instead of the prizes if those who gain them would prefer to have it so." Among the tempting prizes offered in this competition by the *Ladies' Home* are diamond rings, gold bracelets, dressing-bags, silver photo-frames, pretty purses,

THE LATEST SOCIETY BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Photo Lafayette, New Bond Street.

LADY LILIAN SPENCER CHURCHILL,
SISTER OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Photo Varney, Buckingham.

MR. CECIL A. GRENFELL,
NEPHEW OF GENERAL SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL.

Photo Gunn and Stuart, 102, S'oane Street.

DR. C. N. BARTON,
SON OF MAJOR-GENERAL HOWARD BARTON.

Photo Lafayette, New Bond Street.

MISS FLORENCE DAVIES,
DAUGHTER OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

MARRIED BY THE BISHOP OF MARLBOROUGH AT ST. BOTOLPH'S.

For the LATEST AUTUMN FASHIONS buy the Fascinating New Paper, "THE LADIES' HOME," 3d., 172, Strand.

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"KATHERINE RAMSEY."

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1s., 2s. 6d., and (triple 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Order.

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Proprietors: GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & COMPY., LEEDS.

pictures, and a host of other nick-nacks such as give pleasure to our sex.

Chamber Music in London.

Mr. Carl Kollmann - Elderhorst and the members of his string quartet, the portraits of whom we present to our readers, are no strangers to the lovers of classical music. During several seasons past Mr. Elderhorst, assisted by his string quartet, and eminent artists like Mr. Joachim, Lady Hallé, Fanny Davies, and others, has introduced and popularised the best chamber music in the provinces. Mr. Elderhorst has now arranged a series of twenty-four of such concerts to take place in London at Steinway Hall, which, it is to be hoped, will in some measure make up for the discontinuance of Monday Popular Concerts. These Chamber Music Concerts will take place every Wednesday throughout the season, from Wednesday, Oct. 19, to Wednesday, June 28, 1899, and will be supported by the most distinguished musical artists. The programmes will include all kinds of chamber music—from piano sonata to the septet or octet; and though the pieces will chiefly be drawn from the works of our great classical masters, Mr. Elderhorst intends to produce also works by living and modern composers, not hitherto performed in England. Mr. Elderhorst is an able violinist; his touch is liquid, sweet, and full of harmony as well as energy. A Hanoverian by birth, Mr. Elderhorst studied music at the Royal Hoch-Schule in Berlin under Joachim, who considered him one of his most prominent pupils. Later he became a member of the Royal Orchestra at Hanover, and then leader of the Royal Orchestra at Münster. Here in London he was leader of the Wagner Opera performances at Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

The "Lady's World"

is a remarkably cheap new monthly magazine. It costs but 3d., yet contains a rich harvest of fashions and fiction; and from the plates *à la mode* many a useful hint may be gained by the neat-handed home dressmakers and milliners who do me the honour to read these columns. A gratis pattern is presented with a useful article called "Practical Dressmaking." The photographic reproductions include good portraits of such well-known beauties as Princess Henry of Pless, Lady Helen Vincent, Miss Hilda Hanbury, and Mrs. Brown-Potter.

A Great Heiress

will appear in London next season. Not only is the young lady in question an heiress, but she is a Countess in her own right. She is Countess of Cromartie, and her title comes from her

Mr. W. Whitehouse. Mr. A. Hobday.

Mr. C. K. Elderhorst. Mr. J. Kornfield.

LONDON AUTUMN MUSICAL SEASON: THE ELDERHORST QUARTET.

grandmother, the late Duchess of Sutherland, who was such a favourite with the Queen and the Princess of Wales. This lady, being Countess of Cromartie, should have been succeeded by her second son, brother of the present Duke of Sutherland, but his mother outlived him, so the young lady who now holds the title succeeded her grandmother, and she comes of age next year. Let us hope that she will have a happier life than the old Duchess, but to be young, pretty, a Countess, and rich entails so much responsibility that she is not exactly to be envied. Very much depends upon her

Choice of a Husband;

and if she happens to choose the wrong man from among the fortune-hunting crew who will soon surround her, I am sorry for her.

A Knotty Point in Marriage.

Once more the question has been put to me "Is it wise to marry on small means and to look for better times?" The question is badly put, for I do not know how much the small means amount to in this case; neither have I been told if the "better times" exist only in the imagination of the writer, or if there is a real prospect of improvement. There are people who look upon £1000 a year as very small means—far too little to marry upon; to others it would be affluence. Then, again, there are young couples who look upon the hundred a year as quite a good income, and they marry upon it cheerfully. In my opinion,

Three Hundred

is the very smallest yearly income that young people who have a certain status in the world, and a certain amount of appearance to keep up, ought to marry upon. They must live in a cheap suburb and they must have no extravagant tastes, and both of them

Must be Good Managers,

and able to "do without." That is the great secret, "doing without." But if neither husband nor wife has learned, or is capable of learning, that useful lesson, they would do well not to marry on small means. Many and loud have been, and are, the reproaches that have been hurled at young people who have

Married for Money;

and if for money only have they set up house together, they have not done well; but romantic people who never look forward actually applaud the boy and girl who rush into matrimony upon what they call love and about a hundred a year. It is as unwise and as wrong to

Marry for Romance

as it is to marry for money; but very few have the courage to say so, and thus the great army of the impecunious is recruited from year to year.

I have got the recipe for dressing

Pheasants a la Casserole.

It is very simple, but the best; for I believe it is one used by the great gentleman cook, "Wyvern," otherwise Colonel Kenny Herbert. Its success depends upon the cooking-pan, and one of the proper sort is to be obtained at 119, Bond Street. The pan is made of fireproof delf, and it has a lid which fits so tightly that not a breath of air can get in, not a savoury atom escape. The size that will take a small pheasant, prepared as for roasting, costs about one and sevenpence. Having secured your air-tight pan, there is very little more to be done. Put the bird into it, with a pint, or perhaps a little over, of good strong brown stock, which should be clear and free from fat. If there is no stock-pot in the kitchen, make a gravy with bovril, a little Liebig, a very little Worcester sauce, boiled down with some vegetables, such as carrot, a scrap of onion, a tiny bit of celery-top, a little salt and pepper, but not much, for bovril has salt in it. Put the pheasant and the gravy into your pan, cover it closely, and put it into a properly heated oven. One hour ought to cook it, and it should come out of a rich brown. Serve very hot, with the gravy about it on the dish. If this recipe is tried I should be glad to know how it turns out, for I believe it is far and away the best method of cooking pheasants, or, indeed, grouse, partridges, or poultry. MARGUERITE.

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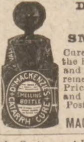

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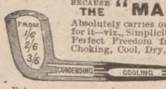

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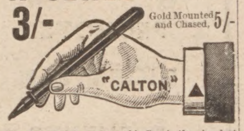

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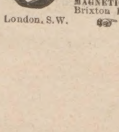

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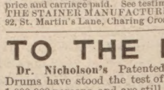

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